

JUL 24 1925

# Michigan History Magazine

VOL. IX

JULY, 1925

NUMBER 3



Natural Arch near West end of Isle Royale

Published Quarterly by the  
**MICHIGAN HISTORICAL COMMISSION**  
LANSING

Entered as second-class matter February 23, 1923, at the postoffice at  
Lansing, Mich., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

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**A STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND ARCHIVES**  
**ORGANIZED MAY 28, 1913**

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MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

VOLUME IX, 1925, No. 3

GEORGE N. FULLER, *Editor*

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# MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

VOL. IX

JULY, 1925

WHOLE No. 32

ALVAH L. SAWYER

BY J. S.

*orig. part*

**A**LVAH LITTLEFIELD SAWYER, the subject of this sketch, first saw the light on September 16, 1854, in a little log cabin, on a farm at Burnett, Dodge County, Wisconsin. His parents were of English Colonial descent, among the first in this country. Thomas Sawyer came from Birmingham, England, in 1648, and helped to found the town of Prescott, afterward Lancaster, Massachusetts. His sons helped found the town of Oxford, New Hampshire, and it is from the Oxford branch that Alvah L. Sawyer descended. Hiram Sawyer and his wife, Barbara Wilson, came to Wisconsin in 1843, having in conjunction with three brothers, two of whom married sisters of Barbara Wilson, taken up land for farms in Dodge County, Wisconsin. They travelled from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to their new home by ox team.

Alvah Sawyer had the usual life of a farm boy, working on the farm during summers, and attending district school winters. Being one of twelve children there was not sufficient money to gratify his ambition for more education than the district school afforded. When he was old enough he taught a private school of penmanship, also a district school to pay his way for more advanced work, which he obtained

Mr. Sawyer, trustee of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, died in Menominee, Michigan, Feb. 5, 1925, after a very brief illness. He was much loved and mourned by the entire community.

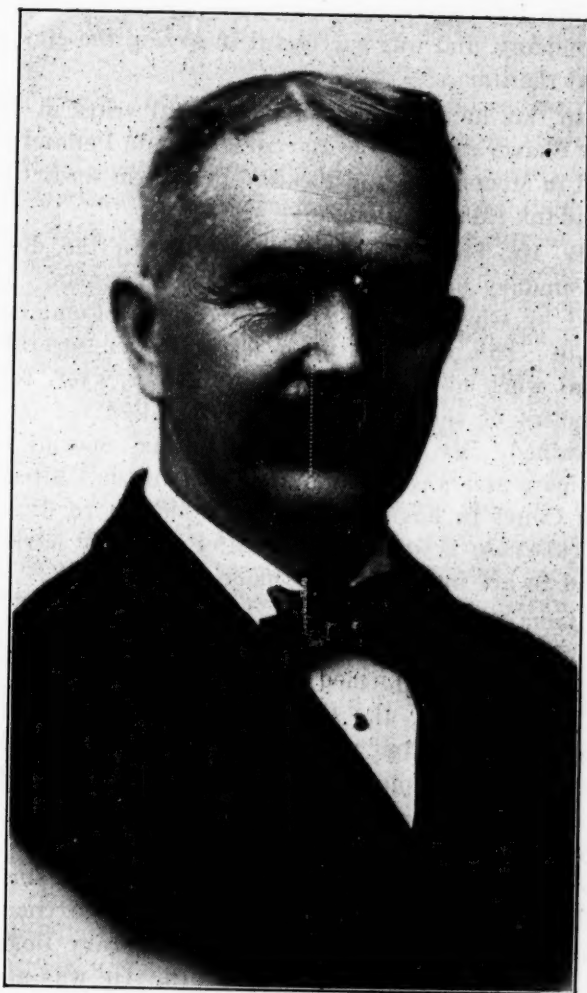
at Wayland College, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. At the age of nineteen he went into the law office of his oldest brother, the late Judge H. W. Sawyer of Hartford, Wisconsin, where he finished his law studies, which he had already begun in leisure moments at home.

He was admitted to the bar at West Bend, Wisconsin, in 1877. In 1878 he went to Menominee, Michigan, with a letter of introduction to Judge E. S. Ingalls, who was retiring from practice. Alvah Sawyer went into his office and succeeded to his practice.

In 1880 he married Josephine Stillmanette Ingalls, daughter of E. S. Ingalls. Six children were born to this union. Kenneth Ingalls Sawyer, now Superintending Engineer of Marquette Co. Michigan; Irma, who died in infancy; Gladys, who died at the age of 19; Meredith Phillips Sawyer, who became his father's law partner and succeeds to his practice; Wilda Amy, welfare worker in Chicago; and Margery Isabel, wife of Professor Harold F. Janda, C. E. of the University of North Carolina.

The law practice of A. L. Sawyer was extensive, including many circuits, the Supreme Courts of Michigan, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Montana, and Circuit and Supreme Court of United States being among them. He continued in active practice until the week of his death, having been in Circuit Court on cases for two days the week he was stricken with final illness. Mr. Sawyer's first law partner was Byron S. Waite. This relation continued for thirteen years, until Mr. Waite was appointed a Federal Judge in New York. William F. Waite, and Frederick Haggerson, now of New York, were later partners.

Alvah L. Sawyer was engaged in much important litigation between lumber companies, until the waning of the lumber industries on the Menominee River. He was active in making Menominee a city and was the first City Attorney. Again when he was City Attorney in 1918-1920, he was prominent in the



ALVAH L. SAWYER

fight against increase of telephone rates by the Michigan Telephone Company, and was successful in saving the city a large amount at the time.

Prior to this he was engaged for several years in the case of Frank Shaver against the Baroness Mae de Pellandt, which was tried in Menominee and resulted in a large verdict against the defendant (Mae de Pellandt).

In 1919 Mr. Sawyer became interested in the discussion of the boundary between Michigan and Wisconsin. He was appointed by Governor Sleeper on a Special Commission to investigate. This investigation was carried on several years, the actual work having been done by Mr. Sawyer, the other two members of the Commission having died before results were obtained. Mr. Sawyer was appointed Special Counsel for Michigan, and was successful in 1924 in the United States Supreme Court in having Wisconsin's motion to dismiss set aside. This case is still pending, M. P. Sawyer having been appointed to act in his father's place.

Aside from the law Mr. Sawyer had many activities, among them an interest in agriculture of every sort. When the beet sugar factory was established in Menominee in 1902 he helped by writing, lecturing, and the actual raising of sugar beets, to demonstrate its value to the community. His garden was long one of the show places of the town. He developed a new type of sweet corn, the seed of which was afterward developed commercially. He loved flowers, and his roses and peonies were noted, as well as numerous others. He was interested in everything that was of public benefit. At the time of his death he was President of Spies Public Library Board, having served continuously for twenty years. He was appointed when the Library was established in 1905. He was interested in State Library work as well as local, and was influential in spreading the work of the City Library throughout the county.

He was interested in history, particularly that pertaining

to Michigan. In 1910-11 he compiled a history of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, which was well received and is still in use.

He was also a voluminous writer for local magazines and newspapers, particularly on matters relating to the development of the Upper Peninsula and his home county. About this time he became a trustee of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society. Later he served as Vice President, and in 1922 as President of the Society. He took a deep interest in its work and aims, and furthered them all he could. At the time of his death he was a trustee of both the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society and the Michigan Archeological Society. He was much interested in their work and regretted he had not more time to devote to it.

During the World War period, Mr. Sawyer acted as Appeal Agent and as Director of the Four Minute Men, in addition to acting on the Legal Advisory Board, and giving his personal services gratis to service men whenever needed. He worked for the American ideal in every way his age and health would permit, often to his own financial detriment because of the time it consumed.

Mr. Sawyer was a Democrat and helped to organize the local party in 1881, but never took an active personal part in politics.

His tastes were refined, he loved pictures, books and music, and was somewhat of a collector. Among his possessions was a copy of the Code of Justinian, printed in 1492, bound in wood with iron clasps, also bound volumes of the Hartford Current, date 1800-1801.

Mr. Sawyer was not a member of any church, though affiliated socially with the Presbyterian denomination. He was liberal in his spiritual thoughts, believing that the best people in all denominations sought the same end, and he respected the right of individuals to choose the manner of attaining that end.

He was a Mason for more than forty-five years, a member of the Menominee Commandery, Knights Templar, also of the Eastern Star. Two years ago he was given a life membership in the Masonic order in courtesy for his long membership, and consistent living within Masonic ideals.

In temperament Mr. Sawyer was genial, social, optimistic and steadfast in friendship. An incident is proof of the latter quality. About 53 years ago, while riding with two schoolmates, he said to them, "We will soon separate, let's agree to meet and have supper together or write to each other every year, on this date, February 20th." They agreed and the pact was kept all these years, each writing to the other two, though the three never met again. Mr. Sawyer was not easily cast down, but rose cheerfully from trouble and misfortune, of which he had his share, among other things the family home having been burned twice, the last time (1923) beyond repair, with the destruction of many heirlooms, valuable papers, books and furniture. He was noted for his kindness and helpfulness to any one who needed it, and was generous to a fault with those he loved.



## THE ROMANCE OF WESTERN MICHIGAN

BY ARNOLD MULDER, M. A.

HOLLAND

ONE day last summer I saw thirteen different colored automobile license plates on the streets of my home town, and that was not an extraordinary day. There was no convention being held and the streets had the usual aspect of a warm day in early July. At almost any other time, had I taken it into my head to count the number of states represented by Fords and automobiles, I might perhaps have counted an equal number or more.

And that fact is a bit of romance of the highest order if only we have eyes to see it and imaginations to give it vitality. There were cars there from the rocky mining regions of Montana, from the desert towns of New Mexico, from up in the hill country of New Hampshire and from down in the grapefruit regions of Florida. There were flivvers caked with mud and eight-cylinder sedans shining like a mirror. There were crowded families who had been looking forward to this automobile adventure for years and to whom it meant the one space of glorious abandon in their lives, and there were wealthy people who by this means tried to run away from a boredom that nevertheless insisted on traveling along with them. Those automobile license plates represented America in microcosm, and anyone who could adequately tell the story of the lives of those people lured that day from the far corners of America to the romantic freedom and relaxation of Western Michigan would have another *Comedie Humaine* and would probably get as close to the heart of America as anyone can hope to get.

And that was an ordinary day. That kind of thing is going on day after day, not only in my own home town but

Read at a meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society held at Benton Harbor June 3-6, 1925.

in all the towns along the Pike in Western Michigan. Most of us have become so used to it that it seems prosaic and commonplace, and we hardly look up any more when an automobile with a license plate from Nevada or Maine comes into view. It no longer seems romantic to us, but in reality it is instinct with the very spirit of romance.

And that is the kind of romance that I wish to call attention to for a few moments, the romance of facts rather than of fancies. Nothing is romantic or unromantic in itself. There are some persons who could discover romance in the multiplication table and there are others who would not see anything romantic in the discovery of the tomb of King Tut and in breaking in upon a three thousand year sleep of a once proud Egyptian Pharaoh. Henri Fabre, the French scientist, found enough thrilling romance in his own back yard to fill several volumes of beautiful prose, and Henry David Thoreau discovered the romance that has made him one of the most distinctive writers in America in a little pond the size of a five acre lot. I might, if I had the leisure for it, dig down into historical records and bring to light the romantic stories of Indian lore, and settlers' struggles, and love, and strife, and hate, and glory; and that would indeed be one kind of romance. Western Michigan, I have no doubt, judging from the history of my own home town and community, would be found to be rich in that kind of romance, but it is not the kind I am chiefly interested in. The year of our Lord 1925 is more romantic to me than any other of the five hundred million years of the earth's existence or whatever the length of time is that has passed since first life began on this planet.

Western Michigan is chuck full of the romance of fact. We even have things so fantastic over there that it staggers the imagination of the average man. Take the House of David case as an instance. The claim of that cult that its members will live forever upon the earth in the face of mankind's experience with the universality of death in all the years

of the world's history is curious enough, but what gives it the final touch is the further claim of the Benjaminites that when any member of the colony does die it is a proof that he has sinned. Only the genius of Mark Twain could do justice to this institution, and if he were alive today he might build a more romantic book upon the theme than anything that ever came from his pen. And that is but one of the claims to romance that Western Michigan can make.

Other sections of the state may be richer in history, but we can always point to the House of David. Detroit has its Ford and I know of few lives in American history that are more full of the romance of fact than the life of the automobile king, and that regardless of whether one regards him as friend or foe, but even he cannot compete with the House of David in sheer romantic interest. The House of David is a bit of the Middle Ages projected into the twentieth century—in fact the middle ages so impregnated with the twentieth century that it is impossible to separate the two. We have there all the elements of genuine romance—distance, in spirit if not in time and place, mystery, fantasm, mysticism, and running through it all like a red thread a dash of good old-fashioned bunk that is also usually a characteristic of romance as we find it in books.

But as I said, that is not the kind of romance that attracts me most in Western Michigan. I would rather call attention to what looks at first glance almost like the commonplace of life there. Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet, has built a reputation by singing the smoke and noise and squalor of Chicago; and I can perhaps build a paper about Western Michigan out of facts that may look like mere prose.

And first of all comes the romance of the open road—in this case the romance of a road. It is less than a dozen years ago that the West Michigan Pike was a dream smothered in sand; today it is a king's highway far beyond the imaginations of Queen Elizabeth or the pleasure-loving Louis XIV.

Those monarchs of an older day, who bumped along in ruts and got stuck in quagmires, could hardly have visualized a highway five hundred miles long, extending from the Indiana line to the Straits, all of it improved, a large part of it paved, running all the way through a rich country of fruit and grain, skirted on the west by low-hung dunes, with fugitive glimpses of the blue of the lake melting into the blue of the sky here and there between them. And all that brought about in a dozen years! It is as romantic as anything I know of.

I can remember with vivid distinctness the early struggles that a handful of men, headed by Dr. William De Kleine, now of Saginaw, made to convert the West Michigan Pike from a dream into a reality. People laughed at them. They thought the plan was a romantic dream and that it would stay romantic. There were sharp contests of wills, the new order struggling against the old, the age of the automobile clashing with the age of the one-horse shay, and the new order won. And today we have a ribbon of road all along our five hundred miles or so of shoreline that each summer lures rich and poor, young and old, from all parts of America. Looked at in the right way, a road is almost a living thing, like an artery in a human body, and West Michigan's road is during several months of the year rich with the life of the whole nation. The poet has expressed the wish to "live in the house by the side of the road and be a friend of man", and Western Michigan is a whole community living in the house by the side of the road and making friends with men and women and children from the forty-eight states.

From the romance of the open road, with its poetry of the out-of-doors, to the subject of chickens may seem like an impossible jump, but my second item in the romance of Western Michigan is chickens. Now a chicken is not a very romantic bird, unless you should allow me the poetic license

of applying the term to the kind that wear skirts, as is sometimes done. But I am of course referring to the barnyard variety and that breed is never romantic, unless it comes nicely browned and piping hot from the oven to the Thanksgiving Day table. But the chicken industry of Western Michigan is full of romance, almost as vivid as the glamor that surrounds the automobile industry, which industry is more romantic only because it is on a larger scale.

A dozen years ago Western Michigan knew no more about the chicken industry than any other part of the state. Today a single county in Western Michigan, namely my home county of Ottawa, produces more eggs than any other county in the state and is sixteenth among the 3,048 counties in all the forty-eight states as an egg producer. In 1921, the last year for which there are accurate statistics, the hens of this single county laid 2,215,104 dozen eggs. This is over twenty-six and a half million eggs, or forty-six and a third dozen for every one of the more than 47,000 men, women, and children in the county. These eggs laid end to end would extend for 943 miles, or farther than from Washington to Chicago. At one and a half pounds to the dozen, a fair weight for good average eggs, they would weigh 1,661 tons. The usual method of shipping eggs to market is to pack them in commercial cases holding thirty dozen each. The eggs produced by the hens of this single Western Michigan county would fill 73,833 cases, which loaded into refrigerator cars at the usual rate of 400 to the car, would be enough to form a solid egg special of 1.3 miles in length.

*Handwritten:* poultry farms - 330

Chickens not romantic? The story of the growth of the poultry business in one small section of Western Michigan is romantic to the extreme. The baby chick business, made possible as a result of the parcels post law, is fast becoming one of the wonders of the Wolverine state. You step into a postoffice some day during the hatching season to mail a letter and for a moment you get the impression that you have

wandered by mistake into a vast bird store. The music of the day-old chicks makes the place a pandemonium of noise that drowns out the roar of the city's traffic for that immediate spot. Boxed up in cardboard containers with plenty of holes in them to admit air, these chicks are shipped to all parts of America. Millions of them are hatched during any given season, and they are carrying the name of Western Michigan to all parts of the country. There is one person who less than ten years ago was so poor that he could not pay cash for a little oil-burner refrigerator that he began business with. Today he has the largest hatchery in the state, some assert the largest in the United States. During the hatching season he turns 150,000 eggs into chicks every single week, and he seems to be well on the way to becoming the Henry Ford of the chicken business. And that is the romance of the chicken business of Western Michigan, the kind of romance that has made the word "America" shine with a glow of hope to countless thousands of European peasants because it is synonymous to them, rightly or wrongly, with "Opportunity."

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But the dunes of Western Michigan, to my mind, give that section a better claim to being romantic in the more usual sense of the word. Anyone who travels casually through Western Michigan by train or automobile is not likely to be much impressed by these sand hills. I have frequently met people from other sections who smiled when the dunes were mentioned. They had read a great deal about them, had seen them lauded in song and novel, and had come from far distances expecting cathedrallike masses of sand. They expected that the dunes would catch the eye from afar, much in the manner in which a traveler going west awakes some morning and sees the snow-capped tops of the Rockies, and then travels toward them all day long, stretching out before him austere and majestic. The dunes are not at all like that. There are a great many people who live in Western Michigan



who are hardly conscious of them. They may pass their lives within half a dozen miles of them and yet not know that they are living near something that for sheer beauty is almost unique. And the person who travels through Western Michigan by train or auto hardly sees the dunes. He gets glimpses of them, especially at sunset when they stand outlined in clear silhouette against a cloudless sky, but travelers seldom get into intimate communion with them. The automobile roads hardly ever dip into the actual region of the hills, and the railroads cut through the richer farming country at a safe distance from the barren sand.

The dunes are not like the mountains, fairly forcing the beholder into admiration. There is never any compulsion about them, and many men and women there are to whom the dunes never mean anything but useless masses of sand that spoil a certain number of acres of what might be valuable farmland but for them. The Rocky Mountains represent great convulsions of nature; one feels that there nature has labored and has brought forth sublimity. As we look we unconsciously catch something of the spirit of turmoil that troubled the bowels of the earth before these great masses of rock were spewed upward to the heavens, and we are awed by the tremendous forces that shook the foundations of the earth in some forgotten epochs perhaps millions of years ago.

But no such feeling is forced from us when we consider the dunes. Anyone who must be cudged into admiration will find the Western Michigan sand hills tame. And their history too is tame as compared with the story of the convulsions of nature that created the Rockies. The dunes are post-glacial and they are therefore geologically rather young. They were formed in the slow course of time as the ice cap that once covered all of Michigan receded. The map of America in those days was different from what it is now. There were probably no Great Lakes as we know them today. As millennium after millennium the climate became warmer and the

ice, thousands of feet in thickness, slowly melted in the heat of the advancing sun, huge rivers broke their way through the newly liberated soil, lakes formed—at first thousands of smaller ones perhaps that in time rushed together to form a larger one and a larger. And in the course of other millenniums the outlines of Lake Michigan and Huron and Erie and Superior began to appear.

The glaciers in the slow years continued to powder the rocks that were carried on their backs, rocks that had perhaps been spewed up from volcanic mouths. The mills of the ice-gods kept on grinding century after century. Rivers formed and carried the gritty flour that was washed away from the mill-stones of ice as a sediment in its turbulent water, sweeping it along in spring freshets and depositing it in the hollows that we know as the basins of the Great Lakes.

And the winds got into action and lashed the waves of these great masses of water, sending them far up onto the beach, carrying along the powdered sand and dropping it on the shore as the water receded to its natural boundary. And there it would lie wet and glistening in the sunlight, and as the storms abated the friendly sun would warm it and dry it and convert it into a beautiful tawny hue, its thousand different colors, manufactured in nature's own laboratory in the bowels of the earth, merging into a single effect that is the despair of the painter. And then the wind came again and carried the little sand particles on its back and dropped them again into hillocks. And year after year and decade after decade and century after century the process continued, until the hillocks became single hills and the single hills merged into ranges of hills, and the ranges formed networks and patterns of strange and ever shifting designs. And these sand masses became restless and wandering hills, billowy sometimes like the waves of their parent lake and sometimes built up into strange and grotesque designs like nothing else



in nature. And birds carried seeds to the shifting sands, and cottonwood trees took root in the inhospitable soil, and the generations of these soft-wooded trees grew and died and turned to dust and formed the nourishment for growths of a hardier nature so that the majestic beech or oak could take root and force its way into the heavens in the never ending search of the tree for light. And the trees that grew on the slopes of the hills served as an anchor for the sand so that some of the dunes became more or less stationary and assumed a more or less permanent shape. But in other places the trees were helpless against the restlessness of the sand and were engulfed by them so that the life was choked out of the giant oak and beech by the little grains of sand piled year by year against them and upon them.

The whole geological history of the dunes is innocent of the sudden and dramatic convulsions of the mountains and it is probably for that reason that some people do not find the story romantic. But in the Bible story there was a whirlwind, and a great fire, and also a "still small voice," and God was in the "still small voice." And to those who understand, there is a spirit in the dunes that requires no drama to make it effective.

I want very much to remain free from sentimentalism in speaking of the dunes. But it is a fact that poets have found in them the theme for their songs, novelists have obtained inspiration from them for their books, and painters have discovered subjects in them for their canvases. All of which to me at least proves that there is something in these sand masses that may not meet the eye of the casual observer. A movement has begun to create state parks in the dune land. Muskegon county recently bought a large tract of dunes and presented it to the state for park purposes, and the state of Indiana has created a 2,000 acre state park in the dunes between Gary and Michigan City. It seems to me the Michigan Historical Society could give no better service to its state

than by getting back of this movement so that the duneland of Michigan may be preserved for the generations to come. Already commercial concerns are beginning to dig out the hills and to carry them away to foundries in the large cities, and if this beautiful section of hills is to be saved for those that shall come after us, the counties along the lake must be encouraged to follow Muskegon's example.

Again it may seem a far cry from the romance of the dunes to the romance of fruit, but the two are not as far apart as may seem at first sight. There was a time when the farmers whose land was in the shadow of the dunes were looked upon as being out of luck. Dune sand, as everybody knows, will grow almost nothing; that, in fact, is the reason why it remains dune sand. If it could grow crops it would soon be anchored down. And when the fierce storms of autumn sweep out from the lake, the sand from these hills is carried across the farms nearby, often choking out the life of all vegetation. Wheat and rye and potatoes and other farm crops do not flourish there and for many years the belt of land near the hills was considered practically worthless.

*fruit grown*  
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But then it was discovered that there is something in the air of Western Michigan that is friendly to fruit. Perhaps it is the influence of the lake itself on the climate; perhaps it is the protection that the dunes give against the winds; perhaps it is both of these factors. Whatever the reason or reasons, the fruit belt of Western Michigan has become the source of wealth to thousands. And the name of the Michigan fruit belt has traveled to far-distant states. Last summer while I was out on an automobile trip through the East I camped near the home of an old farmer and when we had become acquainted and he learned that I was from Western Michigan his old eyes gleamed for a moment. "All my life," he exclaimed quaintly, "I've had an anxiety to visit the Michigan fruit belt, but I fear I'm gettin' too old now," he added sadly, the gleam dying out of his eyes. To him the fruit

belt of Western Michigan was a land of romance. As he puttered about on his own tiny eastern farm, trying to grow an apple and peach tree on his inhospitable soil, his thoughts went to the marvelously productive strip along Lake Michigan that ships hundreds of thousands of bushels of apples and pears and peaches and plums and cherries to all parts of America. He reminded me of the pathetic old peasant in the famous French poem whose one ambition in life was to see the town of Carcassonne, but he died on the way and so he never caught sight of Carcassonne. To this eastern farmer Western Michigan's fruit belt was his Carcassonne, and I doubt whether he will be more successful than the peasant in the French poem.

If you ever want to get the real thrill of romance, pack a substantial lunch in the back of your little car and travel through the fruit belt of Western Michigan in blossom time. Swing on to the West Michigan Pike at the nearest point from Grand Rapids and strike south through Saugatuck and Douglas and Ganges and South Haven and Benton Harbor. It provides a day's outing that can hardly be surpassed. The road in many places is a lane through blossoming orchards, thousands of trees laden with flowers, literally acres of beauty, in a bewildering variety of color from the white of the apple blossom to the deep pink of the peach. Each year the fruit belt of Western Michigan observes a "Blossom Sunday" when the people are encouraged to get out on the highways and enjoy the beauties of nature's green-house out-of-doors, and the sight once seen can never be forgotten. To the residents of Western Michigan it does not appear romantic, because the near view of anything is never romantic. When I visited Niagara Falls last summer a minister living a few miles from the falls assured me that there were children seven or eight years old whose homes were not more than ten miles from Niagara but who had never seen this wonder of the world. Their parents did not take them because to them

the falls seemed commonplace. And so too with the blossoming orchards in Western Michigan, but in spite of that the blossoming trees are a sight well worthy of a day's trip.

But perhaps the most romantic feature about Western Michigan is something that, in a physical sense, does not belong to Western Michigan at all. Romance, as you know, is not a tangible thing, something that can be felt and classified and handled. Romance is in the mind, just as Edna Ferber said that Christmas is not a season but a state of mind. The most romantic thing about Western Michigan is Lake Michigan, a body of water that is not a part of Western Michigan but that colors the life of the whole region, that has had a profound influence on its climate and soil and flora and fauna not only through all the thousands of years that have elapsed since the peninsula was first reclaimed from its covering of ice in the dim past, but that has to a large extent determined even the mental imagery of a large number of the people who live in Western Michigan now and of the generations who lived there in the past. The people of Western Michigan look back at days of sailing vessels. Almost every town along the hundreds of miles of shoreline has its legends of shipwreck, of sailors who left and never came back, of deeds of heroism, of vessels that went down in midlake, of rescues made by crews of life-saving stations. And almost every town along the whole distance of the lake has one or more citizens who are known to all as "Captain" because of a romantic youth devoted to the service of the lake. In my home town there have been a number of such persons with whose bowed forms I have been familiar since childhood. Past the age of active life, they walked the streets cane in hand or would sit resting on a park bench with a far-away look in their eyes. And I often wondered if they were thinking of the days when they climbed the rigging of sailboats to make them snug against the approaching storm.

There is probably not a port along the whole shoreline of

Lake Michigan that does not cherish its romantic legend of shipwreck. In my home town there are several of such legends, one of the best known of them being the wreck of the Alpena. Ever since I was old enough to talk I have heard about the Alpena and often my boyhood imagination was fired by the tale of the wreck of that vessel that mysteriously disappeared in midlake with all hands on board. Although it all happened many decades ago, the newspapers are still from time to time printing articles about it on the anniversary of the going down of that luckless vessel.

And all that adds to the romance of Western Michigan, giving color to its life and a quickening of the pulse of the people. The lake is a brooding presence, full of potential drama as well as an avenue of commerce. Its fierce storms in the late fall and early spring are a display of sheer power that give the people whose lives are spent near it a sense of majesty that could not be obtained in any manner in an inland town. I am fairly certain that there are thousands of people living in Western Michigan who are entirely unconscious of the romance of Lake Michigan, but they would feel a loss if they were taken away from it and transplanted to an inland region. The spaciousness of the wide stretches of the lake gives a certain spaciousness to the lives of the people.

I have written this paper in vain if I have given you the impression that Western Michigan is a land of unusual romance that will immediately strike the visitor and make a thrill run down his backbone like that which the young boy feels who reads "Treasure Island" for the first time. Western Michigan for the most part looks reasonably and comfortably commonplace, but romance is there for all who have eyes to see and hearts to understand. And every section of our state has its romance; it may not be the same as that found in the belt along Lake Michigan, but the understanding mind will seek it out and taste the savor of it, for out of such material is made our love of home which is but a more intimate expression of our love of country.

*Greenfield Village*

## THE FORD HISTORICAL COLLECTION AT DEARBORN

BEING THE SECOND ARTICLE IN THE SERIES DESCRIBING THIS WONDERFUL  
AGGREGATION OF PIONEER AND HISTORICAL RELICS

NOTE: It was intended to follow the introductory article on this interesting subject (see Jan. number) by an illustrated article on "The Evolution of the Automobile," that being really the fundamental subject of the series.

But when the matter was taken in hand it was found that the collection was still growing in this division of relics and also that many of the specimens of early autos in the collection were not yet in final shape for photographing for illustrations.

It was also apparent that the narration could not be made as chronologically complete at this time as at a little later period when additional specimens will be acquired and prepared for exhibition.

At Mr. Ford's suggestion therefore it was determined to hold the article on automobiles in abeyance for a time and let its place be taken by an article on some other division of the collection.

Mr. H. M. Cordell, the efficient custodian of the Collection, was thereupon requested to prepare an article on illuminating devices, of which there is an elaborate and quite complete display.

Mr. Cordell's article, entitled "The Evolution of Artificial Light," follows and will be found most interesting and very instructive.

HENRY A. HAIGH.

*Lighting*

## THE EVOLUTION OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

BY H. M. CORDELL

ONE of the very interesting sections of the Henry Ford collection is that devoted to early lighting. It is intended, of course, to trace the development of illuminants connected with our American life, from Pilgrim times. Necessarily, many of the odd contrivances he has gathered are of European origin, as each settlement, whether English, Dutch, German, French or Spanish, drew from the fatherland the implements to which it had been accustomed. As all of these played an important part in our civilization, they are entitled to a very definite place in the list.

Nothing is more symbolic of family life than light. The material life of our ancestors is a study of the means employed





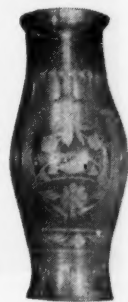
Old Hall  
Lantern.

by them to dissipate fearsome shadows with the aid of artificial light. Around the fireside has always gathered the human family and it has been the rallying point for all progress.

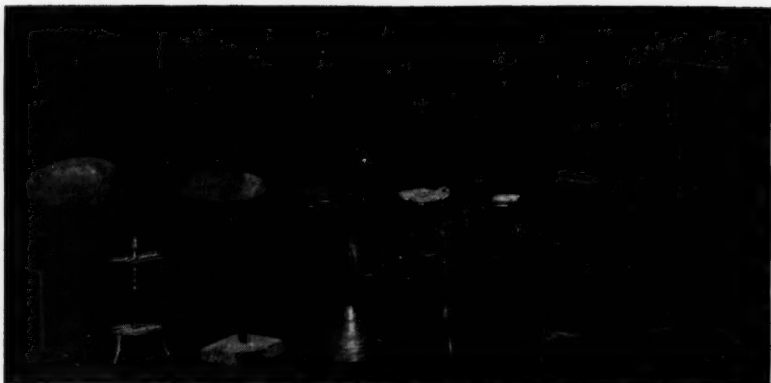
As Mr. Ford's collection numbers several thousand specimens, only a few are illustrated and these shall be chosen to trace the seemingly slow, but sure, progress through the ages. There is a host of sparkling chandeliers and lustres, hall lights, coach lights, street lamps, small lights, ancient matches and other devices which lack of space forbids reproducing.

Naturally, the first artificial light was just plain fire, burning on the rough floors of caves. The smoke filtered through orifices in the roofs, or through the doorways. This was perfectly satisfactory to the aboriginal mind—in winter. During the heat of the summer the cave-dweller was forced to roast in his cave, after dark, or put his inventive powers into action. The resinous fagot was the result and this, and its variants, was undoubtedly quite satisfactory until some enterprising savage discovered that animal oils and fats burned more or less freely with the aid of a bit of rush or twisted fibre. Our prehistoric men undoubtedly obtained an abundance of animal fats, and those living near the sea supplemented this with sea-birds, naturally oily, and with fish. From archaeological discoveries among the prehistoric lake dwellers of Switzerland we learn that the oil lamp was in use at the close of the Bronze Age.

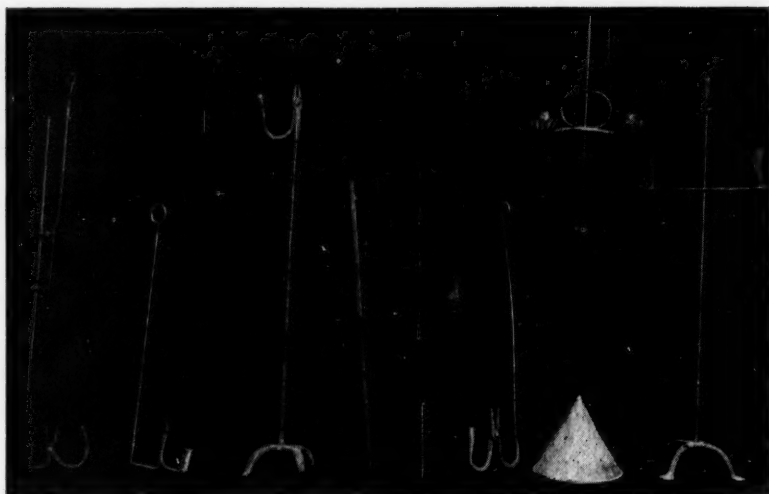
Economically, the wood splinter persisted in favor for many centuries of the Christian Era. Many holders, or fixtures, were evolved, simply to improve an illuminant hardly better than the primitive firebrand. Some of these are pictured



Hurricane  
Candle Shade.



Top row: 2 Eskimo lamps. 3 ancient clay lamps. The others are very old rushlights and candleholders.

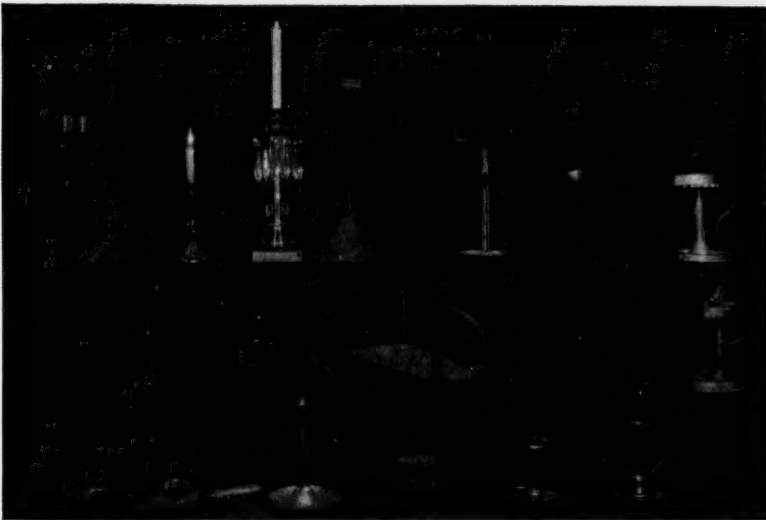


Types of early rushlights and candleholders.



below. They were later designated rush-light holders and numbers came overseas to aid the poorest of our colonists who were unable to afford the candles used by the more fortunate.

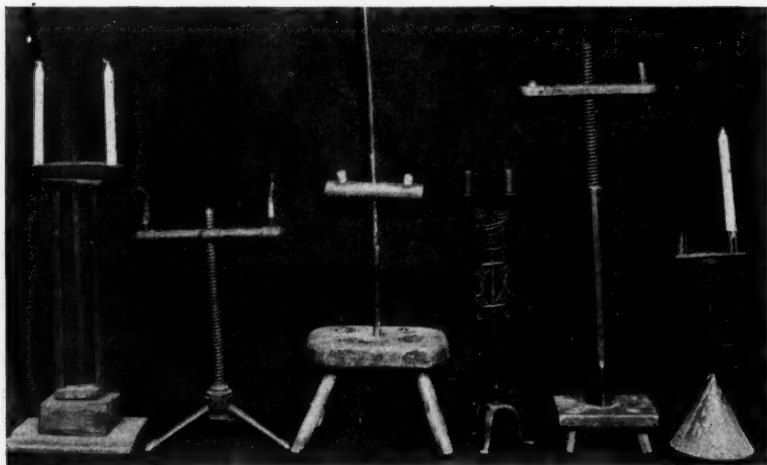
From the depths of Assyrian, Phoenician, Persian, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek and Roman tombs archaeologists have



Early forms of fat and grease lamps, several tin Betty lamps on standards, and a few odd candlesticks. The last two on bottom row are Pennsylvania pottery fat or grease lamps.

disinterred various forms of clay, stone, bone and shell lamps, some dating back six or eight thousand years. These were alike in principle, simple containers for oils and greases, covered and uncovered, some handled and some not, but practically all with a lip, or projection, in which the wick was laid. The wicks were of fibre or of cloth and capillary attraction accomplished the rest.

The development of the candle from its first forms of rope soaked in resin, fibre or rush soaked in grease, wax or fat,



A group of six very early candlestands.

masses of fat formed on sticks, to the more modern dipped, drawn, poured or moulded candles, kept pace with all this and simple candlesticks cared for the needs of the people up to the Dark Ages.



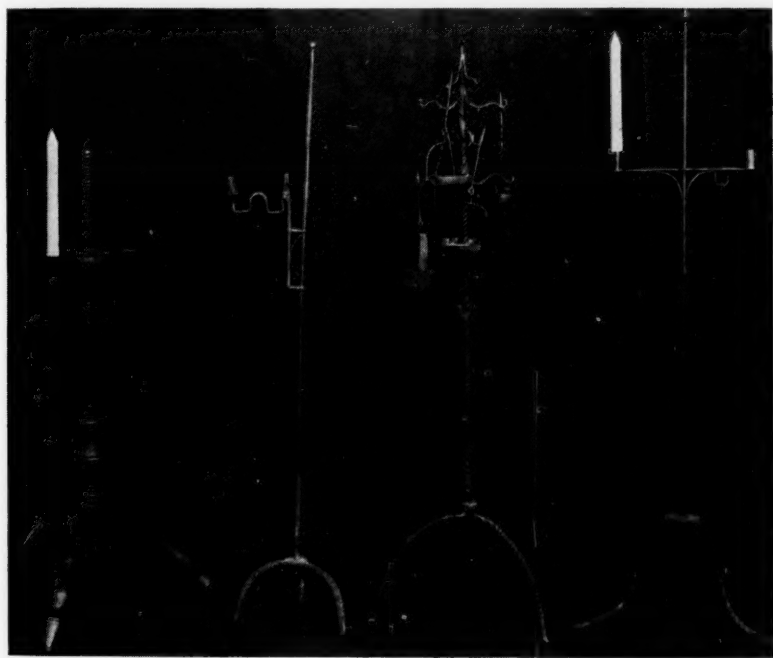
Wall candle sconce, with glass shade.

After the year 1000, it became apparent to the simple souls that the world would not come to an end and the renaissance was felt in every form of art and industry. Casting metals was once more called into being and in every land artificers vied in producing most marvelous candlesticks and candelabra and myriads of lamps. The famous lamps of Aix-la-Chapelle and Hildesheim have never been surpassed by modern workers.

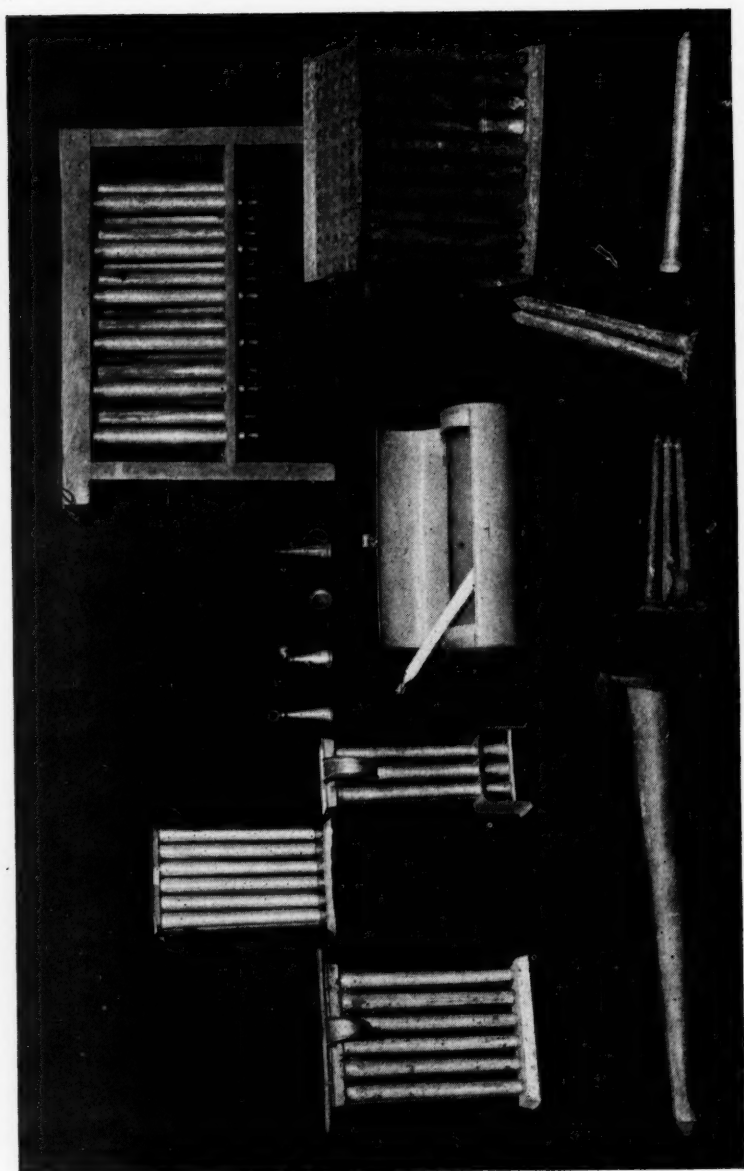
As for lamps of purely American origin, but one can lay claim to this distinction. That is the Eskimo lamp which is illustrated here and which served a dual purpose, as a stove and as in illuminant. The lamps brought over by the Pilgrims were of the simplest sort and were Dutch. The

earliest form was the "slot" lamp, later superseded by the Betty (corruption of the German "besser") with covered top and hinged lid. This was suspended on a short chain ending in a pointed hook so that it could be either hung over something or could be struck in a crevice in the logs. Even these were used by few families as not all of our colonists were fortunate enough to possess such luxuries. Pitch pine, split into short thin lengths, for convenience, served them well.

In "New England Prospects," in 1642, Wood observes: "The candlewood that is so much spoken of which may serve as a shift among the poore folks, but I cannot recommend it for singular good, because it droppeth a pitchy kind of sub-



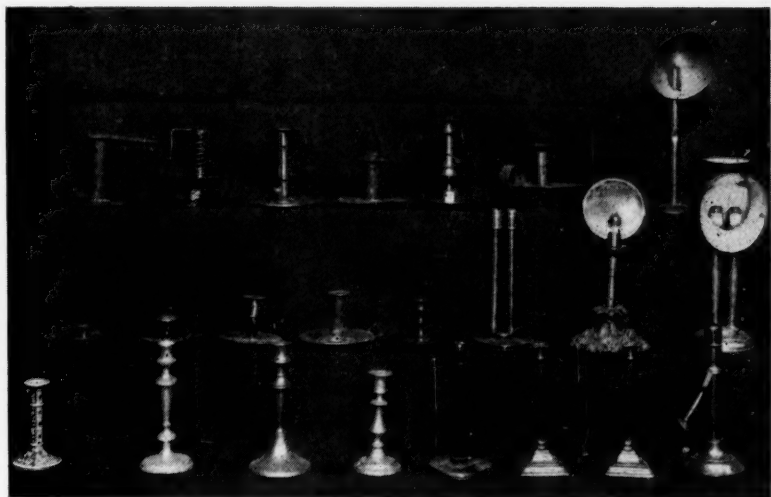
Four tripod stands, including round, wood candlestand, wrought-iron combination rushlight and candleholder, a lamp hanger and candlestand with hook for snuffers.



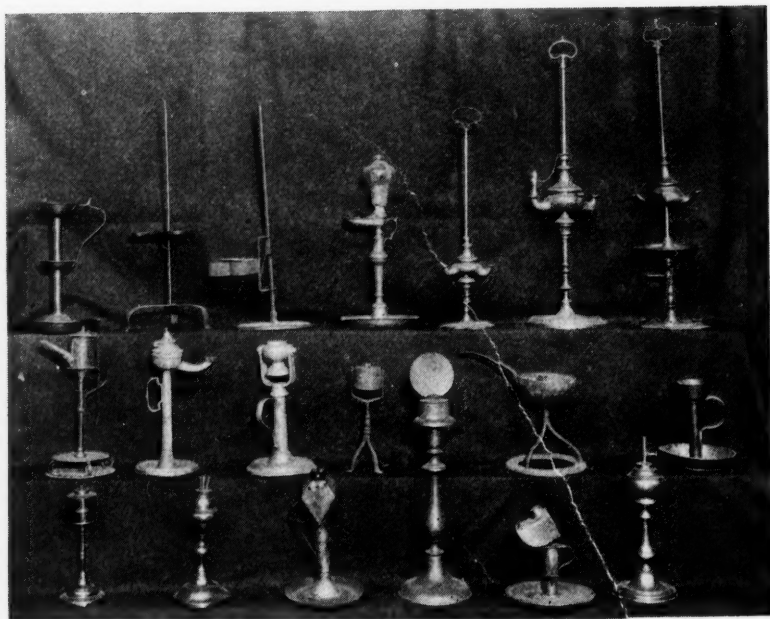
Candlemolds of pewter and tin. Four extinguishers and an old-time candlebox.



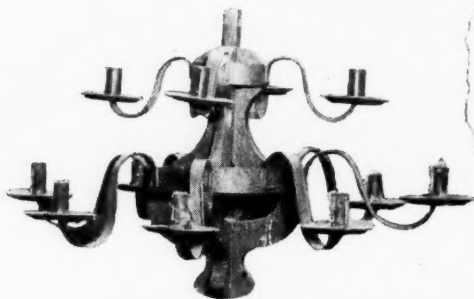
Some types of tinder boxes and tinder pistols. Also snuffers, trays and match holders.



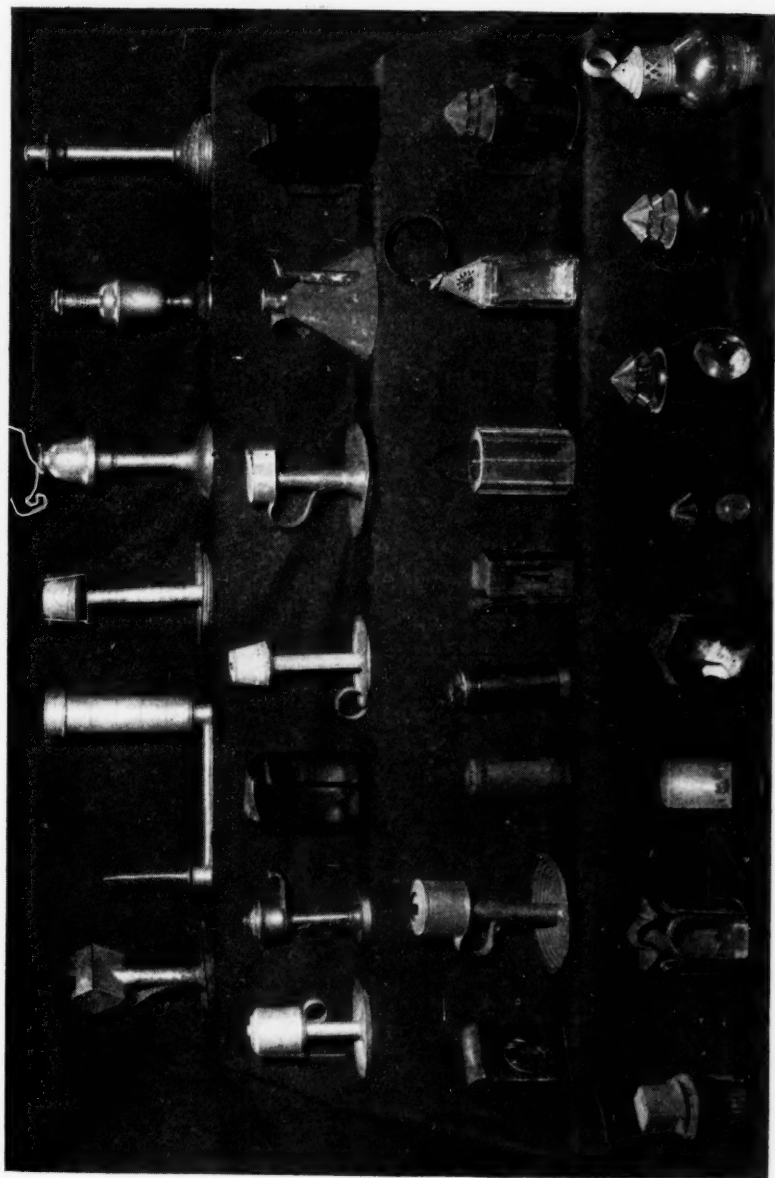
Group of early wrought-iron, tin, pewter, brass and china candlesticks.



Example of early upright lamps. Note the horologic lamp in center of top row, date about 1700. Last three in top row are some of the "Venetian" lamps in vogue in pre-kerosene days.



Very old American tin and wood chandelier.



Other types, illustrating some of the early hand lanterns.



A group of lanterns for both candles and lamps.

stance where it stands." Yet many New England lads and lassies pored nightly over their horn-books by just such a light. As late as 1839 a Tennessean was granted a patent for a contrivance for burning pine knots.

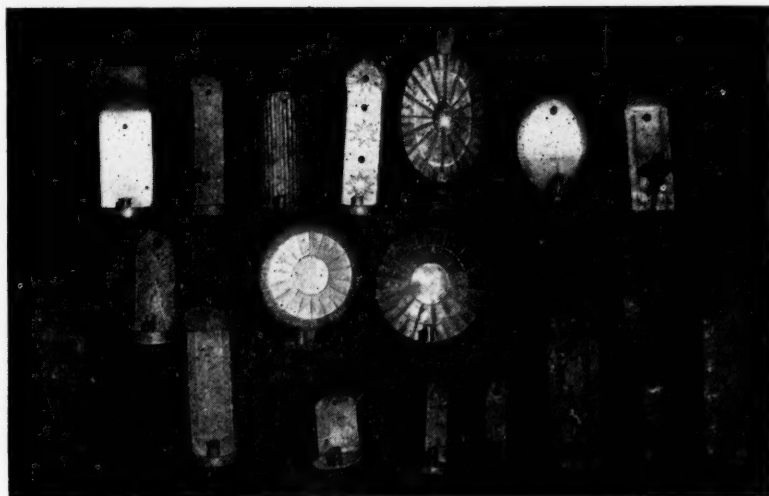
Before 1680, all lamps were imported into the country, mostly from England. In 1680 a Newburyport tinsmith manufactured tin Betty lamps. About this year also, lamps began to assume an upright stature. There were upright lamps before this, but this tendency seemed to portend and prepare for the developments that were to come. About this time Benjamin Franklin began his important experiments. He devised two round wick tubes, the distance between which equalled the diameter of one of them. He believed that this created such a superior draught that the heat was greatly increased, resulting in the consumption of the carbon which otherwise would have escaped as smoke and adding to the brilliancy of the light. He proposed, also, a loosely-braided



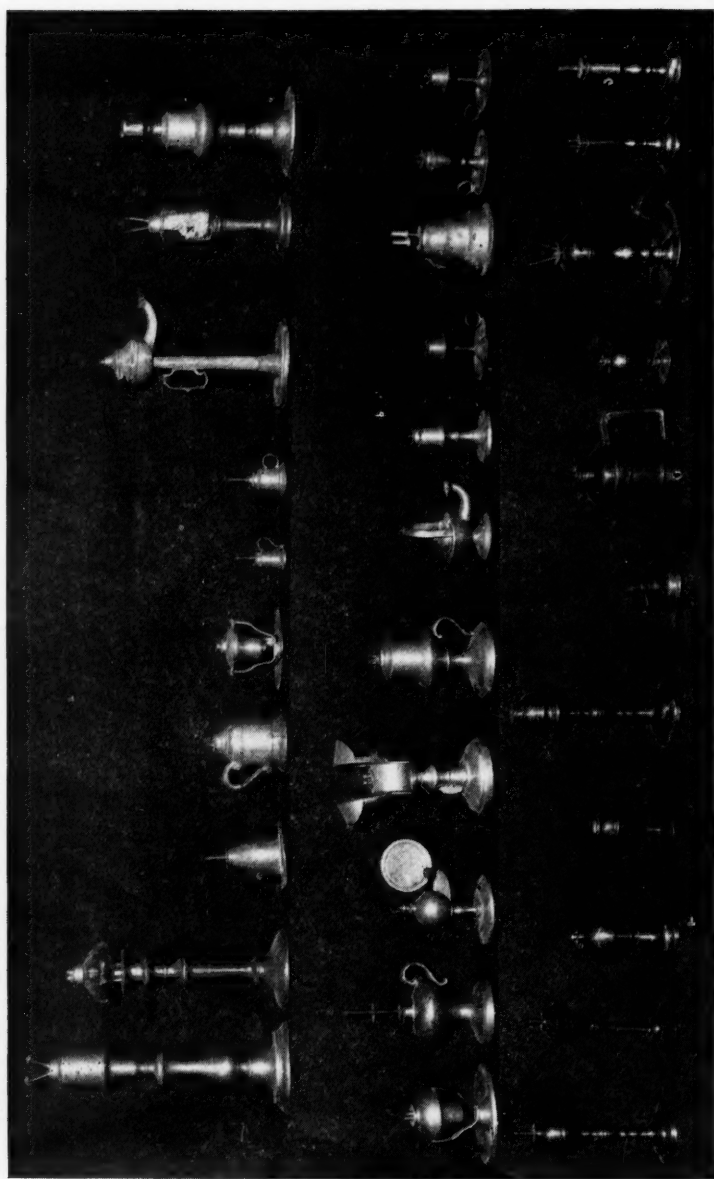
cotton wick, increasing the capillary attraction. Both of these important steps created an immense demand for the Franklin Burner.

With all this, however, there had been no real advantage gained. Nor was there to be, until, in 1783, M. Legers of Paris introduced the flat, compact ribbon-wick which resulted in the consumption of most of the free carbon. In this year, for the first time, was used the spur wheel for adjusting the wick and at last enabling an easy regulation of the flame. Striking innovations, indeed, but the law of combustion still presented certain obstacles.

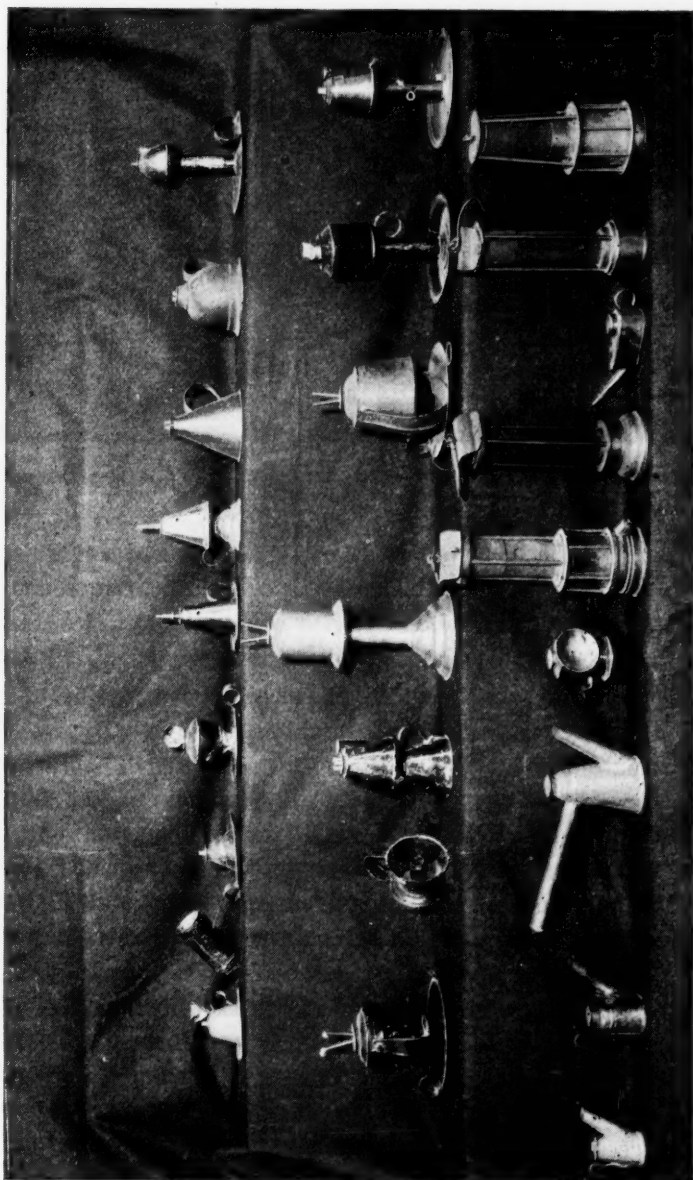
In the latter part of 1782, in Montpellier, France, Ami Argand introduced his burner, destined to revolutionize lamp making. Artificial light had made its first tremendous forward leap. This burner consisted of a tubular wick, surrounding a tube extending through the oil reservoir, both



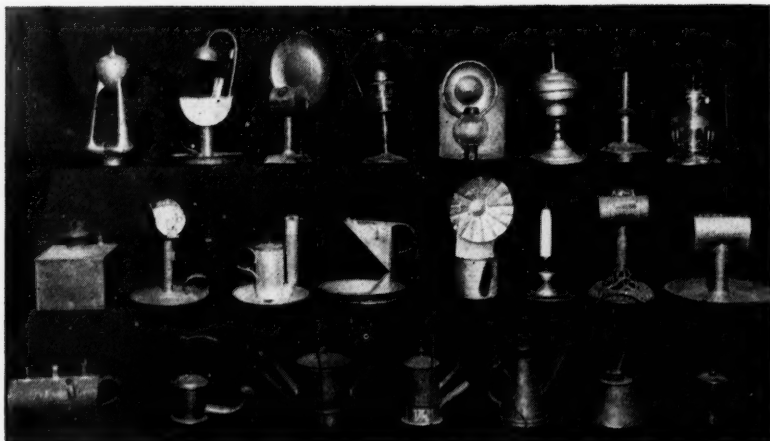
A few of the candle sconces much used by colonists, in fact, long into the 19th Century.



The two top rows are Colonial pewter types, the bottom of brass. Note the Franklin burners. The burners with the extraordinarily long tubes are intended for camphine.



Early tin lamps, including swinging ship lights, tavern lamps and petticoat lamps with socket for placing in candlestick. The bottom row shows a few mine lamps, including the meshed safety lamp.

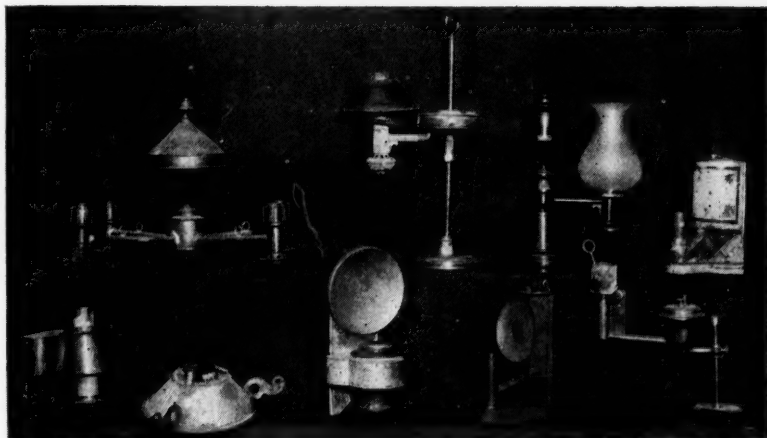


A collection of odd lamps for fats, camphene and lard oil. Those shown in the bottom row are types used in stores.

ends of the tube being open, affording a center draught, supplying sufficient oxygen and creating enough heat to consume all of the carbon and do away with smoke. Sheet iron chimneys were used with a hood over the flame.

To crown this epoch-making discovery came, fittingly, the accidental discovery of the glass chimney. We all know the interesting story of the workman, attempting to heat his bottle over the Argand burner. The bottom of the bottle broke off and in his haste to get it out of his hands, he set it on the first object he could reach which happened to be over the burner. To his intense surprise the flame at once steadied and burned with a clear and remarkably brilliant light.

Owing to the construction of the reservoirs feeding the several burners, an annoying shadow was formed. To this problem many inventors turned their attention. Benjamin Thompson made exhaustive experiments, his best-known and most successful device being the Astral lamp, consisting of



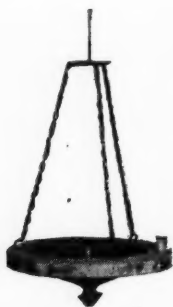
Types and modifications of Argand burners.

a flat circular reservoir, the burner in the center being fed by tubes extending like the spokes of a wheel to the reservoir. These tubes acted also as supports to the burner. These were much used for halls, churches and theatres.

It should be called to mind that up to the start of the whaling industry, the chief fuel for all lamps was pitch, grease, vegetal oils, and fish oil. With this new industry came whale oil and a good sort of candle, called spermaceti. These were decidedly favored until the scarcity of whales and the increased cost of the oil brought the public to the next best substitute, lard oil.

The "Solar" lamp, brought out in 1843, in Philadelphia, was extensively used. It burned lard oil with a modification of the Argand burner and was particularly successful in keeping the oil in a liquid state in cold weather. This factor occasioned our forefathers great distress. Many ingenious contrivances appeared to combat this nuisance.

Trammel  
for holding  
Betty lamp.



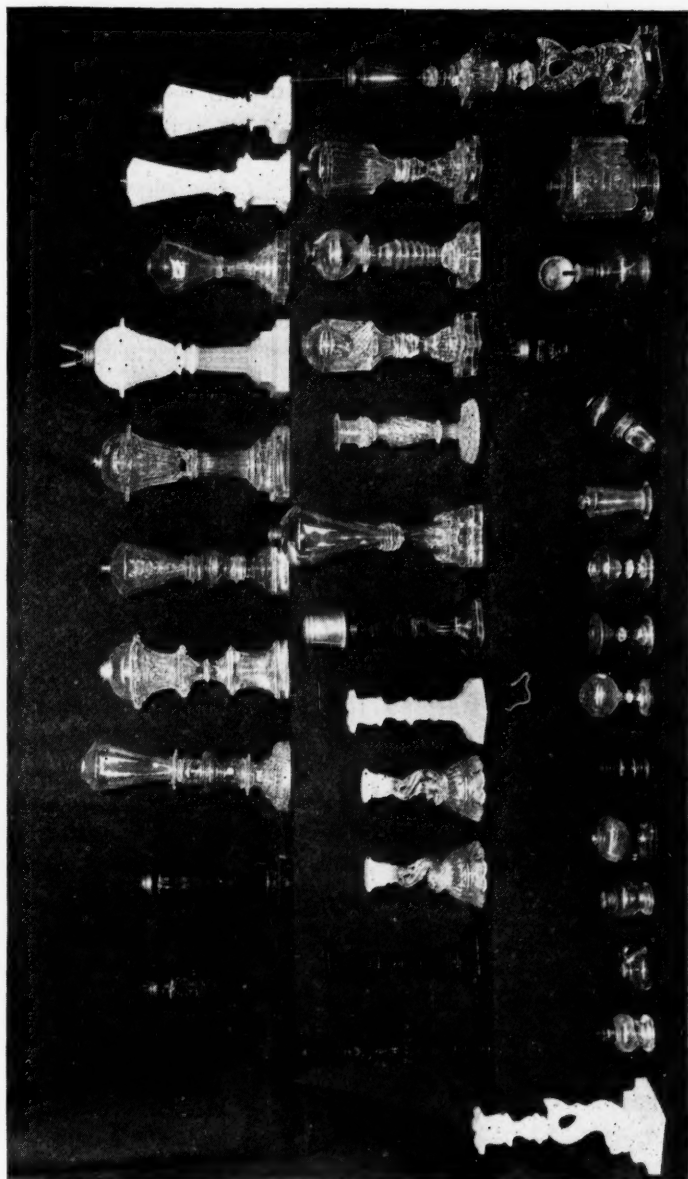
Astral Hanging  
Lamp

In 1845 came a new burning fluid known as Potter's fluid, after the inventor. This fluid was a composition of wood alcohol and oil of turpentine. This was followed by another mixture called "Camphene," composed of oil of turpentine, purified by distillation over quicklime. Both were exceedingly dangerous and it was necessary to provide safe burners, long brass tubes, in order to keep the flames as far as possible from the reservoir. The tubes were kept securely capped by tiny caps, fastened to the lamp by small chains.

These unsatisfactory fluids were abandoned when kerosene, also called coal oil or petroleum oil, came into general use about 1860. This brought forth the favored German student lamps, imported in large quantities, and the well-known



Gilt and crystal candelabra and some kerosene, whale-oil and camphene lamps of the more pretentious sort.



A number of examples of Sandwich, and other, glass candlesticks and lamps. The very small ones were called spark, or tavern, lamps. The guest, perforce, was economical in his use of the landlord's oil.



Rochester burners, to say nothing of an endless variety of other lamps.

To complete the present cycle, I can only touch on the discovery of gas and electricity. Although gas appeared in street lighting in 1802, its use was not general in America until long after the discovery of petroleum. As for electricity, Sir Humphrey Davy produced electric light with carbon points in 1802, but it remained for Thomas Edison, in 1881, to show us how to convert it to domestic use.

Today night has lost its terrors, man's productive powers have been trebled, light-therapy has become a science and only the powers that be can foretell what strange and wonderful light the future will bring forth.

## EARLY DAYS AROUND ALPENA

BY ARTHUR SCOTT WHITE

GRAND RAPIDS

SEVENTY-FOUR years ago David D. Oliver purchased a small sawmill on Devil River near its outlet. It contained two upright saws operated by water power.

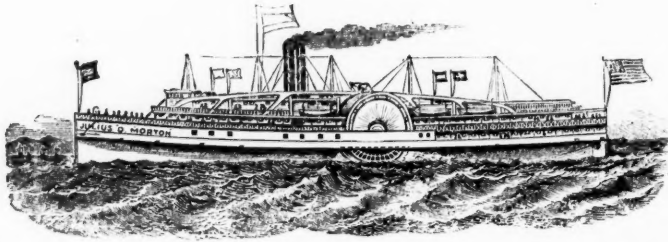
The lumber cut in the Oliver Mill was rafted down the stream and into the bay to be loaded upon vessels that could not enter the river on account of the shallow water on the bar. Oliver marketed his lumber in Cleveland, and the schooner "Sparrow", owned and sailed by John W. Paxton and his father, was used in transporting the product of the mill to the docks of the purchaser.

My father was accidentally killed in 1848, and in 1851 my mother and Paxton were married. In the month of November, of that year, the family moved to Devil River, and Paxton assisted Oliver in the management of his lumbering operations. Oliver had married a sister of Captain Paxton. An unfinished house was the only habitation available for Paxton and his family. The weather was very cold and caused much suffering in the community. Paxton resumed command of the "Sparrow" in the Spring of 1852 and his family spent the summer in Detroit and Ann Arbor with friends. The "Sparrow" was unable to deliver the output of the sawmill as quickly as Oliver desired and he decided to provide additional shipping facilities by purchasing an old schooner—the "Marshal Ney"—a much larger vessel than the "Sparrow".

The Ney needed a new deck and many repairs and accordingly she was sailed into Thunder Bay River and cabled to the large trees that lined the stream. The locality became later the city of Alpena. Supplies and material needed were bought and Oliver entered into a contract with the owners of the steamer, Julius D. Morton, to transport his purchases from

Detroit to the river. The Morton was the first steamboat to enter that stream. Paxton and his family boarded the steamer at Detroit and started for their destination.

A heavy storm of wind and rain prevailed on the lake, and the Morton laid at dock in Port Huron two days until the weather moderated. Captain Harvey Harwood who, with Captain Walter Scott, had established a small fishery at the mouth of Thunder Bay River, directed the Morton over the bar and delivered the goods and material needed by the family and in the repair of the schooner at the fishery dock. Afterward Harwood piloted the Morton out of port and returned to the fishery in a row-boat.



Steamer Julius D. Morton entering Thunder Bay River, Alpena, November, 1852

Harwood and Scott occupied small shanties with their families and several men, who helped them in setting and hauling nets, and in the preparation of fish for the market. The small sailboats, the "Clipper" and the "Hazard", were owned by the firm and used in their operations. Paxton hurriedly erected a shanty and after placing his family therein proceeded with the work of redecking, caulking and repairing the schooner. The food brought from Detroit became much reduced in quantity, and fish were bought of the Indians to replenish the larder. With the approach of spring, Indians brought maple sugar to the community, but the children did not like it. The Indians boiled the sap in kettles that were used in cooking fish and wild game, without cleansing. Sugar

on fish, plentifully mixed with fish scales, did not appeal to their appetites after their first trial of the stuff.

As soon as navigation opened in the spring of 1853, Paxton who had completed the making of repairs on the schooner, moved his family in a small sailboat to Devil River. Before his departure he assisted Scott and Harwood in supplying the steamboat "London" with fuel. The steamer had taken refuge during a heavy storm under the lee of Thunder Bay Island. Her supply of wood was exhausted and when the storm had moderated in violence, Paxton and two others rowed twelve miles to the side of the steamer and informed her commander that Scott and Harwood could supply the fuel needed, which was done.

During the month of October 1853 Paxton, accompanied by an employe and myself, spent a week on the shores of Mud Lake, gathering cranberries. Paxton led the party over the intervening twelve miles following a path in the dense woods marked by blazed trees. A camp was built near the lake and the gathering of cranberries followed. Wild animals prowled near camp at night, but bright fires served to keep them at a safe distance. Paxton and his assistant used an old boat with a torch and spear in taking fish from the lake at night, while I remained alone in camp. The rustling leaves modified the howls of wolves and I slept peacefully on a bed of boughs under a blanket in the open air.

The cranberries so obtained proved of inestimable value to the little community at the mouth of the Devil River during the winter of 1854 in combating scurvy and intestinal disturbances. Oliver had not considered it worth while to produce the vegetables needed by his employes, but purchased food supplies of every nature in Detroit to be delivered to the community by the "Sparrow".

Late in the month of November 1853 the Sparrow, loaded with the winter supply of food for the Oliver settlement, was caught in a terrible storm on Saginaw Bay, which lasted sev-

eral days. Her sails were blown away and the boat tossed about like a cork on a violent sea, but was finally rescued by a passing steamboat and towed to the Saginaw River where she remained until May 1854, when new sails enabled the skipper to clear port. While the storm was raging fiercely Paxton and his men pushed a lot of cattle overboard from the deck of the "Sparrow". The poor beasts swam about helplessly before sinking under the waves. The cutting of timber was carried on in the woods but the failure to receive the food and supplies needed by the Oliver community, on account of the disaster sustained by the "Sparrow", hampered the workmen. Fish, speared or caught with hooks through holes cut in the ice, and occasionally a deer or bear killed in the woods, served to sustain life.

A yoke of cattle used in hauling logs to the stream was caught under a falling tree and killed instantly. The bodies were skinned and hung under a wing of the sawmill to be preserved by freezing. As spring approached, the shortage of food was so great that the people eagerly accepted portions of the meat.

My mother died in the fall of 1854, and Paxton prepared to go to Detroit to spend the winter, leaving the family of five young children to the care of two families, named respectfully, Barlow and Maguire. Paxton's small log house and its meager furnishings were not adequate for the needs of so many persons. The children were assigned to the attic at night where pallets of straw were laid on the floor for their use. The weather was so cold the children did not disrobe but huddled together closely to generate bodily heat.

A fiddler who could play three tunes indifferently was an employe of Oliver. The Maguires, the Barlows and others danced to his music nearly every night—their only amusement.

Paxton returned to Devil River in the spring of 1865, and took his family to Detroit. His three children, born of his

first wife, were placed with relatives while myself and a brother found temporary homes with relatives in Ann Arbor.

Oliver was an enterprising, energetic and industrious man of business. During his long life he rendered valuable service in the work of developing the material interests of Alpena County.

## ALEXANDER HENRY AND WAWATAM

BY MARION MORSE DAVIS

GRAND RAPIDS

MANY of the questions arising from the disputed legends of the Michillimackinac country have received attention from able and interesting writers. Only lately has the veracity of Alexander Henry, the adventurous Englishman whose account of the massacre at Old Fort Mackinaw has formed for years the main part of the historical knowledge of that incident of Pontiac's conspiracy, been attacked in print. Although all of his commentators recognized certain errors in his narrative inseparable from the circumstances under which it was written, forty-six years after the events occurred, and from notes "from time to time committed to paper" (Henry), it is on the whole so graphic and so reliable, that it has become an almost unquestioned authority.

For some time past, the Lakeside Publishing Company of Chicago has each Christmas reprinted a gift to its customers and employes, some old work of value to the history of the Northwest, but out of print and hence not available to the public. In 1921 they reprinted the *The Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry*, with notes and historical introduction by Milo M. Quaife. This is the third edition of Henry's book, both the original edition, and the one edited by Professor James Bain of the Toronto Public Library in 1901 being out of print. This Lakeside edition is a handsome and compact little volume, with a fine portrait of Henry, copied from the original edition. The introduction takes note of the first book in which the authenticity of Henry's account of the massacre at Mackinaw City is directly attached,—*"The Myth Wawatam"* by H. Bedford-Jones hand printed at Santa Barbara, Cal., in 1917, in a very limited edition. It collates some of the manifest errors in Henry's narrative, and attempts by them to disprove



the veracity of the whole. It has the merit of an extremely attractive and unique form and of an appended description of old Fort Mackinaw which gives an excellent picture of its condition before the present "improvements" turned it into a tourist camp.

As Quaife remarks, the spirit of its criticisms is sufficiently indicated in the following lines of verse which preface the booklet,—

"Garrulous old trader, sitting with a jorum  
Close beside your elbow and tobacco blowing free  
Easy 'tis to picture you, spinning to a quorum  
Of pop-eyed New York burghers your tales of deviltry."

Mr. Quaife has ably handled some of the historic points which Mr. Bedford-Jones has attempted to make against Henry's narrative, although he has not had time to give to each of them, but there is another class of criticism also to be taken into account.

The three great ice-crushing ferry boats that have successively carried the trains across from upper to lower peninsula have long been the pride of the Straits. The first was named the St. Ignace, and the heart of that town swelled with pride. Then followed the Ste. Marie, and it was during the palmy days of this ferry boat that Russia sent her leading admiral to study its construction and operation, and copied it for use on the Neva at St. Petersburg. Then followed the Chief Wawatam, bigger and better than its predecessors, and named for Henry's preserver, his adopted Indian brother.

Captain Robertson, the genial commander of the Chief Wawatam, tells of an old Indian, self-styled a chief, and well-known to all tourists and visitors to Mackinaw City on holidays, for his importunate begging, who used to look the ferry over scornfully, and mutter "Ugh, Wawatam no chief." But the author of the booklet referred to, goes farther, for he would bar Wawatam from his very existence as an Indian, leaving out his claim to chieftainship.

These assertions of H. Bedford-Jones are supported by the notes of Henry McConnell of Walloon Lake, who has written articles for the Michigan History Magazine, and is generally regarded as a close student of Northern Michigan history. H. Bedford-Jones himself is a writer of stories for the all-story class of magazines, and is very popular with his readers. He spends his summers in the north, and is a member, as is McConnell, of the Michigan and Wisconsin Historical Societies. Many of his tales are founded on historical events in the region of the Straits—notably one on the Beaver Island Mormon episode, and one on incidents at Mackinac Island during the War of 1812. Milo M. Quaife, who takes up the cudgels for Henry, is a well known writer on historical subjects, formerly Superintendent of the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

This promises to be an interesting controversy, but how much more thrilling might it become if the writers of the past could take part in it. For the narrative of Henry has been read and admired and studied as a classic by all the historians of the north, as well as by all the travelers in that region, down to the present day tourist who gets it in condensed form through his Bailey and Williams as he visits Mackinac Island, and gazes into Skull Cave.

Francis Parkman, in the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, says Henry's "authenticity has never been questioned", and he visited that country when Schoolcraft was able to help him in his researches.

Mrs. Jameson, the author of *Shakespeare's Heroines*, *Legendary and Sacred Art*, and various other critical works, used his book as guide during her tour of the Lakes in 1837. She lived in Canada for some time. She says, "Wild as are the tales of his hairbreadth escapes, I never heard the slightest impeachment of his veracity. He was living in Montreal so late as 1810 or 1811, when a friend of mine saw him. His book has been long out of print." She was a skilled follower up of legends and facts. She says of his style "Plain, unaffected,

telling what he has to tell in few and simple words, and without comment—the internal evidence of truth—the natural sensibility and power of fancy, betrayed rather than displayed—render not only the narrative, but the man himself, his personal character, unspeakably interesting.” His book was published in 1807, only thirty years before Mrs. Jameson had to borrow a copy, not being able otherwise to obtain one.

Margaret Fuller (Ossoli) whose *Summer on the Lakes* (1843) shows she was rather slow to accept traditions, says:

“If we are entitled to judge by its best fruits of the goodness of the tree, Adair’s Red Shoes, and Henry’s Wawatam, should make us respect the first possessors of our country, and doubt whether we are in all ways worthy to fill their place.”

Henry combines “sentiment and thoughtfulness” with “boldness, personal resource, fortitude.”

Lanman, the distinguished early historian and traveler, in his *Summer in the Wilderness* (1846) says of a certain assertion, “The truth of this incident is corroborated by an incident recorded by Henry,” as though that were the final word; and Lanman was no superficial student.

In the *Canadian Magazine* for April and May, 1824, published in the month that he died, is a biography of Alexander Henry that is most complimentary. He was prominent in Montreal in commercial and government circles and twice visited the Old World. “Among the Indian nations he went by the epithet of the ‘handsome Englishman’, and on his appearance at the Court of France he was known by the same distinctive appellation.” The biographer also speaks of “Mr. Henry’s high character for correctness, and his punctuality in business”, “his firmly established character for integrity”. He left a daughter, sons and grandsons, some of whom distinguished themselves in various ways.

Henry’s narrative has been accepted by present day historians unreservedly. The late Samuel F. Cook of Lansing, whose monograph on Drummond Island is quoted as authority,

and who is an iconoclast in matters of tradition, in his disputatious little pamphlet, "Mackinaw in History" speaks of "Henry, whose account is regarded as thoroughly reliable."

When questions of great moment are involved, we hale the disputants into Court, and are supposed to abide by the decision of the tribunal, especially when it has reached the Court of last resort.

Justice Joseph H. Steere of the Michigan Supreme Court, a sincere and candid student of Michigan history, in an article published some years ago in the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, refers in a note to the fact that Henry's narrative has been accepted as authority by the Supreme Court of the United States. In answer to an inquiry, he says:

"That case is entitled 'United States vs. Repentigny' and is found in 72 United States Supreme Court Reports, or, as otherwise named, 5th Wallace, beginning at page 211. It is a rather interesting case historically as it deals with the old French Seigniorie granted by the King of France to two French officers, before the French and Indian war, of a tract of land six leagues square at the falls of Sault Ste. Marie, covering territory on which now stands the city of Sault Ste. Marie."

William K. Clute made an exhaustive study of the case when he was United States District Attorney for Western Michigan. He says that it was a hard fought case, naturally involving much publicity. It was decided in 1867. At that time there must have been living people who had known Henry. Every effort would probably have been made to invalidate any portions of his work in order that it should not be accepted as authority. But it is so accepted and quoted by the court of last resort in these United States.

Justice Steere himself has followed Henry's routes over the Lake Superior country and to the Hudson Bay posts, and finds his descriptions accurate. He has visited the "Island of the

Golden Sands", of Carver and Henry, (modern Caribou Island), and verified Henry's observations. He knew well an educated Indian of the Soo, uncle of the celebrated J. Logan Chipman, who read Henry with appreciation and approval; and who, by the way, pronounced Wawatam with the accent on the last syllable rather than the next to the last, as is customary today at Mackinaw.

H. Bedford-Jones says that we hear in no other narrative than Henry's the names of Chief Minewehna, or Minavavana, as it is spelled on the monument erected two years ago at the Mackinaw City Park to mark the scene of the massacre; or of Chief Wawatam, the friend of Henry, after whom the ferry boat and the Beach are named.

Mrs. Grace Franks Kane, of Detroit, is a descendant of those Franks who bought the old Mission House at Mackinac Island from the American Board of Missions, and whose descendants have ever since operated it as a hotel, entertaining under its quaint and hospitable roof such writers as Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who made Henry the hero of her romance, *The White Islander*, and Edward Everett Hale, who here wrote *The Man Without a Country*. Mrs. Kane has written a delightful series of tales gathered from the Indians in her childhood and girlhood, under the title, *Myths and Legends of the Mackinacs*. In a letter dated from the island, where she was spending the summer, she wrote, "I gave the legends as I remember them, simply to preserve them. The legends are not original with me, but the way of telling them is." Her letter was in response to an inquiry as to whether she had invented the names, or borrowed them, or whether they were as taken from the Indian originals.

One of the legends thus begins, "In the days of this story there lived, at Manitoulin, a wise and influential chief by the name of Minewehna," and another tells of "The Young Indian, Wawatam, mail-carrier between the Island of Mackinac and the villages of the mainland."

Obviously this Wawatam could not have been Henry's friend, because there was no settlement on the island which would have required a mail-carrier at the time of the massacre, and Wawatam was then "forty-five years of age, of an excellent character among his nation, and a chief." (Henry) Should it prove that there was later a young Indian mail-carrier named Wawatam, this would account for the Indian telling Captain Robertson that Wawatam was not a chief, as he probably supposed the ferry to be named for the young mail-carrier, who might have lived within his own recollection.

Interesting as the point is, we are reminded by Thoreau that it is not necessary to prove that Henry's Wawatam really existed to make the name worthy of the attention that has been given it. In his wonderful essay on "Friendship" perhaps the best known of his delightful writings, Thoreau says "The friendship which Wawatam testified for Henry the furtrader, as described in the latter's 'Adventures', \* \* \* is remembered with satisfaction and security." Thoreau does not dwell upon the incident of the massacre, but rather on the long winter "of undisturbed and happy intercourse in the family of the chieftain in the wilderness." He seems to agree with Quaife, that after his farewell prayer, Wawatam "*appropriately* disappears alike from Henry's tale and from recorded history," rather than to cavil as does H. Bedford-Jones that "after returning to Mackinaw, Henry not only fails to reward his rescuer, but never so much as mentions him." Perhaps, like Kipling, Alexander Henry is artist enough to recognize the point at which "that is another story."

In the last analysis, it would seem uncontrovertible that Henry's Wawatam was a real Indian, and a chief. One who believes otherwise must admit that the creation of such a character out of whole cloth would entitle Henry to a high place in the ranks of fiction writers, and, by proving his faults as a historian, would only add to his fame as a novelist.

Thus did Herman Melville's reputation suffer until later

investigation revealed him as a creditable narrator despite the charm of his style. Surely the testimony of writers so skilled themselves, and who followed Henry's route so soon after his narrative was written as did Fuller, Jameson and Parkman and Lanman should be of some weight in proving his veracity. If not, the acid test of a trial involving such valuable stakes as did the Repentigny case, and tried at such a time, should count somewhat in his favor. The United States Supreme Court gives to Henry's account the same authority as to any well-known legal writer, and his testimony is accepted as final.



## THE ORIGINAL CLOVERLAND TRAIL

BY THOMAS CONLIN

Editor, *Diamond Drill*

CRYSTAL FALLS

THE name "Cloverland Trail" was first applied to that part of the Menominee Range-Gogebic Range highway which was built to connect Iron and Gogebic counties. By common consent the term was later extended to include the road all of the way from Escanaba to Ironwood and at a meeting of the Upper Peninsula Road Engineers' Association, later the Upper Peninsula Road Builders' Association, the territory of the Cloverland trail was extended to include all of the trunk lines between Ironwood, the Soo, Marquette and the Copper Country.

My narrative has to deal only with the highway which first bore that name—that between Crystal Falls and Iron River in Iron County and Ironwood and Bessemer in Gogebic County. This stretch of road, with a mileage of slightly over 100 miles, was completed in 1915 and opened for general traffic with a barbecue in 1916, given by the people of the two counties at the county line between Gogebic and Iron counties. The road is one of the best in Cloverland and its completion was extensively advertised and the barbecue was attended by several thousand of the citizens of both counties as well as road men from all parts of the State.

The name "Cloverland Trail" was coined by Robert A. Douglas, editor of the *Ironwood News-Record*, now judge of probate of Gogebic County. He suggested it in an issue of his paper about the time the road was completed and his suggestion met with prompt acceptance by the newspapers of the two counties.

The trail has the distinction of having on its center line at a point about two miles west of the Iron-Gogebic boundary a

large, graceful white pine tree. The road authorities forbade the cutting of this monarch of the forest, and have surrounded it with an iron fence which is closely picketed so as to preserve the tree from injury from souvenir seekers. It is intended that it shall stand as a monument to the early days in the Upper Peninsula when the millions of its specie, standing on the fertile lands of the peninsula attracted man to this section and led to the subsequent development of Cloverland in iron, copper and agriculture.

The Cloverland trail as first known was a road built to connect Iron and Gogebic counties and to give Gogebic County people an outlet to the other parts of Cloverland. Its building was a direct result of the coming of the automobile.

My story deals with another trail which I have termed the "Original Cloverland Trail." It grew out of the desire of the people from Iron County to get to Gogebic County that they might assist in bringing to light the rich iron ore deposits that lay hidden there. I refer to the old trail leading from Iron River to the Gogebic range. The Gogebic end of the trail had several terminals, the last one at State Line, where it remained until the railroad was extended from Iron River to Watersmeet, thus linking up by railroad the Menominee and Gogebic ranges and removing from use an interesting route that had enabled many to lay the foundations of big fortunes and assisted in opening up for the use of the people of the world a most valuable iron-ore producing section.

The Gogebic iron range was explored and opened up for ore shipments between the years 1881 and 1886. Information pointing to the existence of iron ore in the territory of the Gogebic range existed in the records of the government survey of what is now the Gogebic range as early as 1850. A year or so later a geological survey of the district by Brooks & Pumpelly called attention to the probable existence of iron ore in quantity in that region. Nothing was done towards exploring the region until 1881, and the principal reason is that fur-

nace practice among the iron smelters of the day held back the development of any iron ores excepting the hard ore of the Marquette range. The soft hematites were set aside as worthless and called "mud" by these men. Some of the more venturesome, however, experimented with them, found that they could be used, and then followed the demand for these soft ores that led men to seek them wherever existing. The exploration and development of the Menominee range between 1878 and 1881 followed, and while it was thought by many men in the iron business of the day that the discoveries on the Menominee would glut the ore market with a supply that would last for many years into the future, there were other men of broader vision who believed that they could see the expansion of the iron industry of the nation follow the expansion in the supply of iron ore, and these pilots of the exploring world pushed out into the unknown wilds of the Lake Superior country in quest of more of the "mud" that had been set aside but a few years before.

The Gogebic range was closer to the port of Ashland, Wis., and it was by small boats from that place to the mouth of the Montreal, then overland the comparatively few miles between the ore region and the lake that the most of the first explorers reached the range; but, as their discoveries became noised about, the men who had led the exploratory procession up the Menominee valley were influenced to continue onward to the Gogebic, and they proved to be the mainstays in the exploration and subsequent development of the Gogebic range.

The Iron county section of the Menominee range was in the infant stage when, in 1882, the news came that important discoveries of rich iron ore had been made in the Gogebic country. It was in that year that the Chicago & North Western railroad was completed and opened up to traffic as far west as Iron River and Crystal Falls. Iron River was the farthest west that any iron formation had been met with and it was at that

point that the road rested. Iron River was 75 miles distant from the new region and, outside of Ashland, was the closest point by rail.

The work of the pioneer, the man who makes up the skirmish line for the more settled colonist following, had just about been completed on the Menominee range. He was being crowded by the oncoming rush of capitalists and miners that his discoveries brought to the country and he turned his eyes further into the forest for new adventures which he found on the Gogebic.

Distance and hardship has no discouragement for this type of man. In fact he thrives under difficulties and overcomes distances by main force and endurance. Access to the depths of the Menominee forests had been made easier for him by the tote roads of the logger. This avenue of connection was denied him on the Gogebic for there was no connecting water between the Menominee and the Gogebic streams and access to the new range could be had only via the water route from Ashland or by breaking a new trail across the 75 miles of hills and swamps that separated Iron River from the new discoveries. The latter he immediately proceeded to do, and thus there came into use that old trail between Iron County and Gogebic County—the "original Cloverland trail,"—the forerunner of the present Cloverland Trail. It was opened for the same purpose that the beautiful automobile road was later opened for—to afford an avenue of communication between the Menominee and the Gogebic iron districts.

The first railroad to tap the Gogebic range came from the south. It was the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western, a road extending along the shore of Lake Michigan from Milwaukee to Manitowoc and thence to the northwest, crossing the North Western railroad at Appleton Junction and continuing on in a general north-westerly direction to Watersmeet, Bessemer, Wakefield, Ironwood and Ashland where it ended. This piece of road is now the Lake Shore division of the Chicago & North

Western railroad. Its construction occupied the years between 1882 and 1886, a period contemporary with that of the opening up of the Gogebic range. The road reached the present site of the village of Watersmeet in 1884, Wakefield in 1885 and through to Ashland in 1886. As the road was extended along its course it became more and more accessible to the traveller, and many who went to the Gogebic in those days went to Appleton Junction on the North Western and then to the end of the track on the Lake Shore, making the balance of the journey on foot.

The great majority of the explorers and miners on the Menominee range considered this roundabout route too long and expensive so they plunged into the wilderness over the old trail, carrying their blankets and grub on their backs and in a remarkably short time negotiated the distance between the two sections.

Many a good man hit that trail. The world owes very much to those hardy pioneers for they brought into use an iron ore that, for richness and purity, has no peer. Its usefulness was amply demonstrated during the Great War when it became an object of great demand because its composition was such that the very best steel could be made out of it in the shortest time, and time was everything in those hurly-burly days.

The old trail was not as congested a highway nor was it negotiated as speedily as is the new one which parallels it about 10 miles distant, but those who traveled over it had a purpose in mind other than pleasure—the main object of travel today. They had their minds set upon bringing into light the buried treasures of those forest depths that they might aid civilization. They smote the rocks of the wilderness and brought forth richness that “far outshone the wealth of Indus or of Ind.”

They were big men, too. Many of them developed into captains of industry, although when they made the trip over that old trail they were poor and unknown. A story is told of how

one man who later became wealthy and prominent in the business and political circles of the Northwest, appropriated at Iron River a pair of boots that didn't belong to him in order to equip his feet for the arduous journey.

The trail left Iron River's main street at its west end. It continued on over what was then known as Weimer hill and led off in a general southwesterly direction towards the Brule river. The portion of the trail between Iron River and the Brule is now being paralleled by a state trunk line highway which is to connect with the Wisconsin state trunk line at the Brule near the town of Alvin, Wis. Along the line of this old trail between Iron River and the Brule there are now many good farms, but at that time there was only solid forest with occasionally a homesteader's cabin and this only very rarely and close to Iron River. One of the homesteaders along the route was John Stanley whose cabin stood on the old trail near Stanley Lake, a body of water that occupies a large portion of Sections 4, 5, 8 and 9, T43 N, R35 W. This was the last habitation of a white man between Iron River and the exploring camps.

From the Stanley homestead the trail struck off to the southwest and approached the Brule river near the Indian burying ground on Section 15, 42, 36. From there the trail took a westerly direction to the south end of Brule Lake, the source of the main Brule River and the point at which the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin, the celebrated "Cram Line," starts off. The boundary line was followed in the main, the first great interruption being at a lake called Long Lake in Michigan, and Smoky Lake in Wisconsin. This is a long, narrow body of water that cuts across the boundary, the line crossing near the middle of the lake.

A half breed, whose cabin was located on the west bank of the lake, greatly assisted the travelers during the summer by ferrying them across. The procedure was to approach the east bank of the lake and attract the attention of the Indian by



shooting or shouting and he would row over and ferry the wayfarer across. His cabin was frequently made the point of the first night's rest, but occasionally the travelers were unable to get the man's attention and then a long and arduous detour was necessary to get around the end of the lake and back to the trail again.

From Long Lake the trail set out towards Lac View Desert which is also crossed by the state boundary line. There was no ferry across View Desert and the trail led around the north side of the lake to the Indian village where it crossed the Ontonagon-Green Bay trail, known as the View Desert trail. This latter trail was followed by the mail carriers in their transportation of the mail between the two places mentioned.

From View Desert the trail followed the boundary line to a point where it crossed the survey of the M. L. S. & W. Railroad. Here the travelers who made the journey in the early days branched off and followed the transit line to the northwest to a point close to Gogebic Lake. The point is now Gogebic Station. There it branched off the trail line to Gogebic Lake which was crossed by a boat and the trail resumed to Sunday Lake and along the range.

The railroad was constructed quite rapidly and by the winter of 1884 the end of the rails was at Watersmeet. In 1885 the end of the track was near the present village of Wakefield. From 1885 to the time of the completion of the extension of the North Western from Iron River to Watersmeet in 1887 and '88, the northern terminal of the old trail was at State Line, and it was during these years that the greatest rush was on. State Line is generally spoken of as the Gogebic end of the trail. After Watersmeet got under way and lodging accommodations were to be had there, the trail was not followed to State Line. A new trail was broken from the point on the old trail closest to Watersmeet to that place and travelers hit for there direct.

The travelers who made the trip in the early days when they



were compelled to hike all the way through to the exploration camps were three or four days on the road, but when the rail accommodations were started from State Line to Ironwood, the trip was easily made in two days. John Bauer of Crystal Falls made the trip in the spring of 1888. He says that he and his companion left Iron River in the afternoon and stopped at Stanley's cabin for the night. Stanley was Polish and he, his wife, their chickens, and other domestic animals lived together in the small cabin. The men were given the privilege of going to bed with the chickens, but they preferred to sit up. The old couple were insistent however, and the men finally had to lie down while Stanley and his wife sat up all night. It was early in April and the snow was still on the ground in the woods. The Stanleys made hot coffee for them in the morning and they ate their own grub which they had brought along with them. They resumed their journey at day-break, crossed Smoky Lake on the ice and arrived at Watersmeet at 5 o'clock that evening pretty well exhausted. They were unused to trail walking and were unable to walk for several days after getting to their destination at Marenisco.

When they returned that fall they were given a ride on a gravel train which was being used to ballast the newly laid track between Watersmeet and Iron River.

The fare from Iron River to Marenisco via Appleton Junction was \$18. Many of the miners seeking employment in the mines of the Gogebic walked the trail rather than pay the high cost of transportation.

With the opening of rail communication between Iron River and Watersmeet the old trail passed from use and exists now only in memory. There are many men in Iron and Gogebic counties who traveled over this trail in the olden days, and the stories they relate of their adventures, their hardships and accomplishments are indeed interesting.

## REMINISCENCES OF COPPER HARBOR

BY ANNA BROCKWAY GRAY

DETROIT

IN thinking over the material I have for this paper, I find it very disconnected, a collection of scraps, even to the old letters of which I have a fairly large number. Many of them are unrelated to the Upper Peninsula, but of positive general interest. I will make my first contribution of my own recollections aided by my brother, A. A. Brockway, and by my sister, Sallie Brockway Scott. Between us we can pretty well reconstruct the early days of Copper Harbor.

Of one thing I am certain, and that is that recollections about the past whether about incidents, or people, or places, are not to be positively relied upon—not too positively—not even as to the characteristics of places.

In 1911 or 1912, I stood with Captain James Moynahan looking at Lake Fanny Hoe. After a silence, he said, "Oh, the lies I have told about that lake. I have told an hundred times if I have once, that it is two miles wide, and that I used to swim half way across it. And the queer thing is, I thought it was so. I believed what I said."

He had not seen it since his return from the Civil War, but he had lived at Copper Harbor before that time. By the evidence of his eyes, Lake Fanny Hoe does not exceed a half mile in its broadest measurement, if it is that wide. I have had the same experience myself about places I had not seen for years, and it is common. As for recollections about people, and events, nothing is reliable but documents written at the time, and that is too often prejudiced testimony.

I will finish with Captain Moynahan right here. I do not know when he arrived at Copper Harbor, but I remember going to school with his brother John, in our old root house, before the district school was built. My sister Charlotte was the

teacher. This is an evidence of how trivial things impress the sensibilities of a little child. She was trying to correct his pronunciation of "foot." "Don't say, 'FUT', John, say foot." But he continually reiterated, "I didn't say fut, ma'am, I said fut." She had to give it up, and for some mysterious reason it made a lasting impression on me. That is all I do remember about that school and all about John Moynahan.

Jim Moynahan was one of ten young men, out of a possible eleven, who enlisted from Copper Harbor, in 1862, for three years, or for the war, and who went away with the 27th Michigan Volunteer Infantry. In speaking about it with Will Childs he said, that as far as he had been able to learn, it was the highest percentage of enlistments, of any place in the United States. He probably knew. He was a great G. A. R. man. He went to Colorado after the war, where he became a man of considerable importance. It is told of him, that he sought out the grave of every old soldier in that state, and if it were not already marked, he had it marked at his own expense. He married Mary Monaghan, of Eagle Harbor. His whole life in the Upper Peninsula was spent at Copper Harbor. He was one of our boys who made good. He was born within the present limits of Detroit.

About the places around Copper Harbor. The point on which the lighthouse stands is Hayes Point, named for that John Hayes who opened the first copper pit at Copper Harbor, and the first on the lake in 1844, and who was one of four men who spent the winter of '43-'44 at that place. Simon Mandlebaum was another of the four, and he was so oppressed by the loneliness, that he tramped through to the mission at Kewawenon, and stayed six weeks with the Brockways. There began a lifelong friendship. The other two are not so certain, but Mrs. Farwell once told me she thought the other two were Benjamin Stannard, and a man named Campbell, Major Campbell, though she thought "Major" was a given name, and not a title. I give it for what it is worth. I have a picture of

a lighthouse still in use up on Lake Huron, which is a duplicate in appearance of the first one erected at Copper Harbor. The tower was removed, but the dwelling remained, perhaps the remains are still there. Hays and Mandlebaum were intimately associated with that country all through the fifties, and Mandlebaum married a sister of John Senter.

Porter's Island was named for Joseph Porter, who was the Land Commissioner, and whose office was on the island, near the Gap. I have been told that the Land Commissioner was one of the men who remained at the Harbor that winter, but I do not think Joe Porter was that man. The point which runs out to meet the island from the west, is Hunter's Point, so named because a man named Hunter preempted a tract of land over there. I believe he was the first civilian buried in the cemetery at the Fort. Certainly he was buried there.

*Fort Mandlebaum*  
Astor Point has the little stream running from Lake Fanny Hoe into the Harbor, as its western boundary. It was so named because the brig John J. Astor, a fur trader, went on the shore at that point, and was a total loss. I read an article in the *Detroit Free Press* lately, written by Palmer H. Hutchinson, which says that the flag staff at the Fort was made from the mast of the Astor. Perhaps, but none of this family ever heard of it if it is true. It is certain that the troops were there before the loss of the Astor, and about the first thing set up when a new Fort is established, is the flagstaff. Mrs. Scott says the masts lay on the beach for some years, and were finally salvaged by my father, and converted into runners for bob sleds, and some other things and that he still had the sleds, and regretted leaving them behind when he moved from the Atlas to the Cliff, in 1882. Pioneers made what they needed, and I can recall seeing him bending wood into required shapes. I am not disputing the other story, but it is new to us. What Mr. Palmer said was this, "In the center of the parade ground, it is recorded, was a flag staff made from the mast of the ship in which John Jacob Astor was wrecked off Copper Harbor."

John Jacob Astor was never wrecked off Copper Harbor. That part of his statement, at least, is untrue.

Lake Fanny Hoe was named for the sister-in-law of one of the officers at the Fort. She was there one winter, and Mrs. Scott says she was the sister of Mrs. Alburtis.

Brockway mountain was of course named for my father. "Dad's Nose" was W. H. Stevens' name for it, bestowed for a fancied resemblance to that feature of my father's face, but that was in the days of the hill's complete baldness. I had not supposed that soilless hill could grow covering of foliage as it has done, since.

The cemetery at its foot, received its first occupant in December, 1853, in the person of my father's half sister, Mrs. Sarah Broughton. Prior to that time, burials were at the Fort, or elsewhere, though there were few of them. When I visited the place last summer, I found the remains of the fence I remember there when I was a child, fallen, mossgrown, nearly gone, and showing everywhere, both fence and enclosure, the marks of something more than neglect. It is something like sending flowers and eulogies to the funerals of those we have neglected and abused during their lives, when we extol the deeds of the pioneers, and allow their graves to remain without even the care which would keep the cattle from trampling their resting places. That old cemetery holds the remains of some of the country's oldest pioneers, and practically no others. Mrs. Broughton was a D. A. R. on both sides of her family though no such organization existed when she passed. What better work for the Historical Society than to set the law to work, if there is a law governing the care of cemeteries, or to care for them themselves, so raising a monument to the spirit of all pioneers. Douglas Houghton never was a resident of that peninsula.

The creek I hear called Davis Creek we knew as the Garden Brook, because back at the foot of the conglomerate range, across from the cemetery, my father made the first garden



Summer Cottages on Porter's Island, near Copper Harbor

planted at the Harbor, and probably the first in Keweenaw. Later he brought the first fruit trees, and currant and gooseberries into the country, and planted them across the road from the new house, where the second garden was made. One of the cherry trees stands there, and is still bearing. Also, I ate from the gooseberry bushes last summer. All the bushes still bear, I was told. It was considered a mad experiment when he did it in the fifties. Later he planted the first wheat and oats ever grown there, and raised a small crop. That was only to see whether it could be done, not for utility. It was believed that nothing could be grown there.

Speaking of the first things that he did, in 1856 he brought the first piano into the country, and it is still in possession of the family, at Lake Linden. It was a fine instrument and a Godsend to the music lovers. I have a vivid recollection of hearing Ed Hulbert who played exquisitely by ear, rolling out melody from its keys, and J. H. Rathbon, who brought out its music, though he was a singer. He played the accompaniments to his songs more than anything else. My only remembrance of him is of a stout young fellow, with brown hair, sitting at the piano singing. His autographed music lay about the house for years, after he left the country. All the music lovers of the country gathered in our parlor, for we were a musical family.

To go back to the Garden Brook. It was later sometimes called Twohys creek, because it ran down through John Twohy's farm, which lay in the valley between the two ranges. John was the only farmer in the country, for others only farmed as a hobby, and for love of the work. John lived by it. The brook in those days was filled with speckled trout and full to the brim. Now it is nearly dry, and so overgrown that it can hardly be followed. Its beauty is gone.

To go back to the first garden. The ground had probably been cleared by forest fires. As I remember it first, the valley was almost without bush, or tree, excepting close to the



shore and between Lake Fanny Hoe and the harbor. One of my vivid recollections is of clinging to my sister's gown, and going, in the evening, to the top of the first little hill beyond the town, and seeing the whole length of the conglomerate range, visible from that point, from below Lake Fanny Hoe, to as far as we could see up the valley, one great fire. There was no wind at the time and the worst of the fire must have been over, but it was a wonderful sight, even then. It must have been about fifty-four, or maybe early in fifty-five, as I judge from the size of the tot I recall clinging to sister's dress. Perhaps it was during the same conflagration, that, Mrs. Scott tells me, the square in front of our house was piled with wood—the boats burned wood in those days—and while my father, with all available help, was up around the mountain fighting fire, my mother and all the children, each with a pail of water, were putting out the tiny blazes that started in the wood piles, so saving the wood, and the town. It was only the hill that I saw on fire, for the valley was perfectly clean then. There had been fires before that. I have heard them tell of one which occurred while they lived in the first house, when the maids, with the children, were sent across to the island, while everyone else fought fire. Blankets were spread over the roof, and water was poured on them continually, through what seemed a hopeless fight, but a shift of the wind saved the buildings. There were other fires too.

One of my recollections is of walking along the edge of the conglomerate range back of the town, not later than sixty-eight, and probably earlier, and following for some distance the well marked line of a former lake shore. It ran close to the edge, and deep water had been close to the shore. I could have stepped off and dropped to the level of the valley. The fire I saw had burned away all the roots and soil. Only the solid rocks were left. They could not be found now. Second growth has covered it all.

It was a bare country then. Nothing looks natural to me

down there, more than the general outlines of hill and water. The second growth has covered the rugged outlines familiar to my childhood. Even the lake shore is different, because the water line is lower. Rocks that were then under water are dry now. There was no visible shore along the town-side of the island, except in two places. Now, there is a marked shore everywhere. The valley was clean of trees. Last summer I wandered up the old road, now almost obliterated by the trees, past a couple old root houses that were there sixty or seventy years ago, across the Garden Brook, which was almost dry, and found a little opening on the far side, all that remained of the first garden planted there. It still bears, for it was full of thimble berries.

Before the days of white settlement, a swamp must have covered most of the ground now covered by houses. It was very low in places, when the whites arrived. The south half of the square in front of our house, never could be drained enough for cultivation, though it was deeply ditched. At the east end of the town, there was a good sized pond. A sawmill, built by W. H. Stevens—Mrs. Scott is the authority for who did the building—furnished the lumber for later building. The plat of the village drawn at the time, runs streets through there, but there never was a north and south street east of the one running up from the corner of our yard, and that is still doing good service. The map made a fine show, but the pond had nine points of the law. The pond has been drained at some time, by a ditch running to the lake through the Childs-Nichols place, but the spot is low, and swampy now, and the blue flag still waves where I used to pick wild Iris and cowslips. I penetrated the tangle just west of the Ruppe cottages last summer, and found the foundation of the old mill still in evidence. It had to be solid to support the machinery, though there was no foundation under the building itself. Foundations were built above the

ground, then, in that country. One who did not know would think that mound a natural hillock covered with trees.

A tall evergreen of many years growth, reaches up above the spot where the engine rested. Later, I believe, Lavoux with the French company bought the mill and set it up on the shore of Lake Manganese, where the ruins still stand. That place around Lake Manganese was elaborately cleared and cultivated for that country, and there the Frenchmen lived in elaborate French style, for the place. We knew it as the Sawmill, the mine being some miles to the east.

Speaking of sawmills, Mrs. Scott tells me of one in use at the North West mine, when the family went there to live, in 1849. It was a handmill, the machinery on a heavy platform of timbers, the saw being operated by hand, one man above, the other in the saw pit below.

The Stevens' mill was built some time in the fifties, about the middle of that cycle. I have a clear recollection of it.

The first store built at Copper Harbor was a log building, perched on a ledge of rock, no, immediately behind that ledge, across the road from the big Tresise Tavern which still stands. Mandlebaum and Senter owned it before they moved to Eagle River and I think they built it, and sold when they left. I remember that place, not as a store, but as a typical Irish shanty, the home of Dennis Twohy, where the pigs and chickens shared the living room, and the stable opened out of the same room. A family of good Americans came out of that place, and Dennis left it long before his death. Not a trace of the building remains.

Just below it, on the shore, was the first bowling alley on the lake. It was built by Joseph Terrill, who married the widow of Hunter, and they lived in part of the building, the back of which, and perhaps the whole length of it, overhung the water.

I do not know what became of this place. It was standing in 1853, but was gone before I remember. Terrill probably

left it when he built a story-and-half house on Duck Island and a long dock, which was also a bridge, connected it with the main shore. It was not the first dock built. That stood just west of the ruins of the one still in evidence and was quite small. There was no warehouse on either, and none was built until the fall of '55 when all the freight for Ontonagon was left at Copper Harbor, and a warehouse was built on the third dock to protect it. The fourth dock was built near the head of the Harbor early in the sixties, probably by the steamboat companies, as a coaling station. It had no other use nor purpose. If anyone knows where Switzer's place was, why the dock stood just behind it. It was about half way between Duck Island and the head of the Harbor. The Clark Mining Company built the fifth, and last, and it is a ruin also. Not a trace of Terrill's house or dock remains. The island is bare, even of the great "laylock" bushes, which stood at the back door. Mrs. Terrill gave me many handfuls of "laylocks". My memory of them is of her as a comfortable fat old lady, and him as a rheumatic cripple confined to his armchair; but in the earlier days their dock held many a ton of freight and many a boat wintered tied to its snubbing posts.

As for the Fort, its history is pretty well known. When the troops went to the Mexican War, Mrs. Alburtis, the Captain's wife, remained in the quarters during the following winter, with two maids, Margaret Collins and Jane Walker. Charles Brush, the sutler, also remained, running his store, and selling out his stock to the townspeople.

In 1846 Serg't. William B. Wright, invalided from the war, was sent to the Fort to take charge of the Government property, and arrived with his wife on the first trip of the Julia Palmer. In 1855 he was ordered to Mobile, Alabama; but as Mrs. Wright refused to go so far south, he secured his release from the army. Their after history is identified with Keweenaw county. We know him as Col. Wright, who

went away as Major of the 27th Michigan Volunteer Infantry.

As for schools, perhaps the following letter started them into being, though it would have happened in any case.

Waupun, Wisconsin,  
July 2, 1849.

D. D. Brockway, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Yours dated June 9th has been received, and I was much pleased to hear from you, about matters and things appertaining to your wooden country (and were it not for the ladies), God forsaken country; but they lend it a charm, and enabled one to keep up their spirits against the black flies, and mosquitoes—which I suppose are with you now, as thick as plums in a plum pudding, and quite as plentifully, and pleasantly—

You ask, Dad, what are the chances of getting land in this part of the country? I answer, that through here, as well as through most other parts of the country, the government land is mostly all taken, that is good for much. Still, a person by looking around some, may even chance to light on pieces. In the timber lands, east of here, there is government land yet remaining, and as good and rich as man may desire. But it is ternal hard work to clear it up, and that is a fact. But after clearing it up, it is first rate and no mistake. There is a tract of land west of here, lately bought of the Indians, that is represented as very fine. It is not yet on the market, but squatters are going on to it by thousands, and making claims.

But, Dad, I think the best course to be, if you wish to go farming, is to buy second handed. There are many who are anxious to sell—those who are in debt and can't keep their farms—those that want to sell out, and begin anew, offer first rate inducements for all wishing to purchase, at reasonable rates. A fortnight ago, I bought for a friend of mine, at the east, a quarter section of land for \$325—or \$2 per acre—a good lot, but nothing done on it—and very cheap—since having it I have been offered \$450 for it.

The country is very healthy, filled with a very industrious and enterprising lot of people. It is already filled with schools, meetings, etc. By the way, Mr. Brockway, you ought to leave the lake for your girls' sake. Such girls as those of yours deserve a first class education. They are smart, bright, intelligent, and do a man a great deal of credit. I hope to have some of the same sort myself one of these days, or for my wife to have, which is the same thing—that is, when I get such an article as that.

The 4th is approaching, and we expect great times in the diggings, and expect to exhibit the elephant at least. Immigration is pouring into this country, in a perfect flood—greater than in former years, great as that has been, so if you come to Wisconsin, you had better come quickly.

Well, Dad, if you can sell those things, and traps up there, do so quickly, and remit me the balance, after paying the expenses, if such

there be, for I can use the money at first rate advantage here, and could readily let it out at 30 per cent interest. With that shrewd, long head of yours, and your turn for speculation, I can see no reason for your not succeeding in this country.

Kiss Mam and Delia for me.

Yours, Etc.,

TOWNSEND GREEN.

The summer this was written, the family moved to the North West Mine where my father became the agent, not the sort of thing that is meant by Agent now. He was the Surface Agent, and Capt. Jos. Paull was the Underground Agent, each absolute on their own ground, and life-long friends. That fall my father sent to the Sault, probably to his brother William, who was presiding elder of that Methodist District; and secured the services of Susan Warren, who later married Sam. W. Hill, as a teacher for his children. Charlotte approaching nine, Delia, past seven, and Sallie five years old. Albert was just about two. Having no other place, school was established in my mother's kitchen, and all the children on the location came also, if they desired. There could not have been many. Father's salary was fifty dollars per month and he paid the teacher. Miss Warren remained that winter only. I do not know whether there was another teacher while they were there, but in 1851 they returned to Copper Harbor. There my father built a little school house just outside of our yard, between where the McDonald and Vivian cottages now stand. The new house was built in fifty-two or very early in fifty-three, but in fifty-two he had a teacher from Utica, N. Y., a Miss Sarah Newland, who taught in the new school, while we still lived in the old house. She remained with us until about fifty-five, when she married my cousin Henry Broughton, and moved to Ontonagon and we moved to Albion. Perhaps she married in fifty-four, for I know she was still with us that summer. I also know that the little red school house was used as a dwelling that fall. Mrs. Butler who lived first in the bowling alley, had moved into the school



house, and her daughter Matilda was born in the school house. Of course my father paid and boarded the teacher.

When he built the new house in 1853, he built about the same time, or perhaps the next year, a root cellar, or more exactly, a root house, for it was built above the ground. He raised a rock room built up for six or seven feet, with only a door for an opening. This he surrounded on all sides with squared timbers, and filled in between with dirt. Above that were three rooms, for dwelling, sometimes in use, but generally not. It was too near the back door. That was the only building in town with a foundation, for that frost-proof cellar made one for the little dwelling. It was in the front room of this root house, as we always called it, that the next school was established. I have already spoken of it. My earliest distinct remembrance of attending school was in that front room, and my sister was the teacher. She had attended school the preceding winter at Albion Female Seminary. That was the first school after the district was organized, and before the district schoolhouse, which is still standing, was built. She was paid twelve dollars per month, by the district, the first teacher not paid by my father. I do not know who was on the Board, but W. H. Stevens conducted the examination thus: "How old are you?" "Fifteen". "Have you got a beau?" "NO". "Then I guess you will do to teach". And she taught. When the Frenchmen returned to France, a young engineer, Henri Ferdinand Quarri D'Aligny, remained here. He bought the little school house, moved it down just east of the little bridge still remaining, which crossed a small stream running into the harbor at that point. Only a boggy spot now remains of the stream. D'Aligny built an addition, and set up an engineer's office under its roof. Later different families occupied it and finally Sallie Scott set up her household gods there, in 1865. Now it is, with changes, the cottage owned by Mary Corgan, next to her own house, and it is rented to



transients. Miss Corgan's own house stands on the site of our own first log house, and the first erected in town, though it was dotted with tents in forty-five and, I presume, in forty-four.

The school records were kept carefully after the district was established, but when the township was disorganized, and the district with it, the books were left in the school house, with no care whatever. Henry Corgan happened in there, found them, and knowing practically everyone on the rolls, carried them off to the lighthouse and took good care of them. They were borrowed by Will Smith of the *Keweenaw Journal*, and never returned. He has no claims upon such records. They belong to the state, and should be sent to Lansing to the Michigan Historical Commission for fire-proof protection. There they would be available to those really interested in them, as I am myself. I am on those records both as pupil and teacher. To recover them is something for the Commission to take in hand. I forgot to say that the school house in Eagle Harbor, which is now the Mecca of the K. of P., is about a duplicate of the one built by my father outside of our yard.

Perhaps as strong an impression as remains with me, is of the illumination of the town when we received the news of the surrender of Lee. There was joy and hilarity everywhere. There was not a flag in the town large enough to hoist, but there was bunting in the store. Sallie Brockway, and Julia Guilbault promptly sat down and made a flag. A flag staff was set up just west of where the Vivian Cottage now stands, and the flag was flown from it. A carpenter named MacClean set up the staff, probably with the help of every man in town. Mrs. Scott still has the flag, and it flies from the Brockway house on every Fourth at least. The Historical Commission ought to have it. In the evening, every pane of glass in our house, the school house, Stevens' house, and most other houses in the town, held its little candle.

Only one house failed to show some sort of light. All the candles were plain tallow dips, cut into three or four pieces. I do not recall how they were fastened there, but they made a brave show, and blazoned the joy that the war was over.

And then comes the equally vivid impression of the gloom that came sharply on the heels of joy, when we knew of Lincoln's death. I can still see Judge Perry sitting silently in our living room, with big tears rolling down his face, and my father, elbows on knees, and his face buried in his hands, not less unhappy. There were no smiles anywhere; voices were hushed, for death and disaster were with each and every one of us; but the tears of those two men left the strongest impression of disaster.

I do not think of anything more, of general interest. Of the places that now stand, the Butler house was built in 1855, as some of the old letters show. The Tresise house was built earlier, but I do not know just when. Stevens built the house on the corner of Brockway Avenue, where Mrs. Smith lived so many years, and where I think she died. Those are about the only ones left that I knew. A good two story house once stood at the head of Lake Fanny Hoe—the Leonard House—on the road to the Sawmill, and in that house I first knew the Lyons when they came to this country, about 1864. Mrs. Lyon was a sister of Dr. Luther Clark, one of our very early pioneers. Between that house, and the village, just north of where the road turned to the Fort, stood a great two story carpenter shop, later occupied by the Daceys as a dwelling. Mrs. Dacey was a sister of Dennis and John Twohy, and must have come there early in the fifties.

As a carpenter shop, built by a man named Mayville—that is my brother's recollection—I recall it as the place in which, some summer in the late fifties, there was a "show". A pres-tidigitator brought doves and rabbits out of "stove pipes".—that was the day of high beaver hats—pounded up watches in a mortar, tore different sorts of handkerchiefs in two, to

unite the wrong halves, as well as many other strange and wonderful things; and finally returned everything in perfect condition, to its owner. It was a wonderful exhibition, and I never have forgotten the carpenter shop, with the seats made of planks set on blocks of wood, and the rough board rostrum of the magician, and the wonderful things I saw there.

Another house used to stand on the little rounded point, across from Duck Island. There are some boat houses there now. I think it was built by Jim Pearce. He married an O'Connor girl from Eagle Harbor, and I know they lived there while we still lived in the old house. They have been identified with Hancock and the livery business there for many years, but they were first at Copper Harbor, and there Jimmy was born, and some of the other children. I do not know what became of that house, but I think Pearce, or Pierce, built it. Nor do I remember when the Tresise house was built. It stands on the corner next to Mary Corgan's.

I spoke of the travelling showmen. There was one travelling man named King, who came every summer. He took daguerreotypes. I know he was there as early as fifty-one, for there was a picture of me taken while I was still in my mother's arms, and one in fifty-three, in fifty-four, fifty-six, and one of little D. D. which was taken in fifty-six. I have one of myself taken in sixty-six, but I think by another man. We had many pictures of his taking, and most of the pioneers sat for him. We had a picture of Rathbon for years, but it was borrowed, for the purpose of having it copied, and was lost, probably with malice aforethought. We never saw it again.

I think that is about all, and I will finish with a couple of letters, which have no relation to that country, but were written to my mother. The first is from her young sister from Charleston, or Galesburg, Kalamazoo, the present Post Office. She lacked a couple of months of being seventeen

years old when writing, and that autumn came to Copper Harbor with my mother, where she remained a year. She returned home in November, 1847, and died in February following, after a few hours illness, of "spotted fever". We call it acute Spinal Meningitis now, and a very fatal form of it swept the Lower Peninsula that winter. That she was a merry, sweet tempered girl, is evident in the letter:

April 12th, 1846.

Dear Brother, and Sister:

I take the opportunity to write a few lines to let you know how we are getting along. We are all well except Marcia. She just begins to do her work. They stayed with us all winter, and we have her washing, baking, and cleaning to do now. I suppose that we shall all summer, though she appears to be gaining now. [Marcia was her brother's wife.] We are looking for a letter from you every day now, and we hope we shall not look in vain. I am also looking for you every day, although I do not expect you yet. But we should be very much disappointed if you should not come at all. We shall soon begin to watch the cars pretty close, when they come along at night, to see if they are not going to stop, and if they should, we should all run out, thinking certain that you were aboard. [Evidently the M. C. R. R. stopped at any farmhouse, at that time.] We are going to have five months school this summer, and I want you to bring Charlotte down, and let her go. We had quite a snowstorm yesterday morning, and this morning, but it will melt nearly as fast as it comes. It has cleared off, looks very pleasant out of doors. We had a middling hard winter, something such a one as we had three years ago. I have not heard of John Sumner this six months. Nabby was down here a week day before yesterday. [The sister who was married the same time my Mother was.] She and her folks are well. Her little boy got well again. He grows like a weed now, but he don't talk of any consequence. Lucy's health is quite good for her, her boy says, or tries to say almost everything, though he does not speak many words plain. He does not run alone yet. Lucy kept him from creeping as long as she could, and he began to act considerable like running alone, but he learned to creep, and now he acts as though he never would run alone.

April 14th.

Lucy says to tell you she is a good girl, and expects to see you this summer. [Lucy was my mother's older sister.] Cook and Aneliza have turned Mormons, and talk of going to Nauvoo. There is quite a settlement of Mormons south of the river and most of them have gone, or are going to Nauvoo, to start with the rest for Oregon, or California. The Mormons and Anti Mormons had considerable difficulty last fall, the Mormons stole from the Gentiles as they called them, and the Gentiles undertook to burn them out. Finally the Mormons

agreed to leave the country. Some of them are going to California, and some of them are going to Oregon with the new Prophet. They all want to be prophets, and they quarrel about it. There is now a man by the name of Strange, that pretends to be a prophet. He prophesied, or rather, had a revelation, that the future abode of the true Israel is to be in Oregon, so he and his followers are going there. I think he is a strange prophet. One of Cook's sisters (I think her name is Hall), has left her children and her husband, and gone to Nauvoo. Her husband carried her part of the way, so I guess he was glad to get rid of her.

It has been pretty healthy about here this summer. There has been a few cases of Erysipelas, but no one very near here has had it hard. Father got nothing of the state for the damages of the railroad. The assemblymen said it was a proper subject for the board of Auditors, which was to meet in April. Father left his papers with Mr. Giddings. It is not likely that they will ever get any more money from the State. The State has been trying to sell the railroad most all winter. The bill was at last passed, but the company have not accepted it yet, and they made so many amendments that it is thought doubtful whether they will or not. If they have it they are to give two millions of dollars. There has been a proposition made to the house, for the purchase of the southern railroad. The price offered was \$550,000—\$10,000 to be paid in fifteen days, \$90,000 to be paid in 90 days, and the balance in five equal installments. I am going to have a quilting this week and should be very happy to have you come down and help a little. We do not look much like ourselves here. There is a great ditch cut each side of the railroad, so it makes the embankment about four feet high from the bottom of the ditch, before the house. One barn is gone and they are going to move the other as soon as it comes dry weather. I think it is rather doubtful whether they move the house this year or not. Remember and bring all your things when you come, so you will not be obliged to go back again. Father is gone to Clipnochy. Mother is spinning. Daniel and Champlin [brothers] are drawing hay. Henry is getting out staves. Lucy is embroidering work pockets. Mary Jane is tending baby. Baby is crying to go to "DAHS" [grandmas], Bristol is making rakes, Nabby is doing her housework. Antoinette is drawing Bub in the cart, and Bub is going to the shop. In short everyone has something to do but there was somebody could find nothing else to do the other day, but to put a plank across the track, about half way between the old Fuller house and George Merrill's house, which threw the locomotive and four wheels of the baggage car off the track. If the locomotive had gone its length further, it would have gone down a bank four to six feet high, into the marsh; but as it was it broke the locomotive so they could not use it. They got it onto the track in time to go back down to the burg, with the other train. They sent to Jackson for another locomotive as soon as they run off. It got down here and they started off a little after dark. The next morning the train started east, and run over a two year old steer of Fay Aldriches', and went on most

to Battle Creek, and broke the axle on the locomotive, and had to draw their train into the village with a yolk of oxen. It is so dark I can hardly see.

Your Little Sister,

LOUISA B. HARRIS.

Tell Charlotte I have got a little kitten for her. I make great work writing in the dark I perceive.

[The M. C. R. R. ran through their dooryard and necessitated moving all their buildings.]

The following letter is from W. R. Bernard. He was to have married my Aunt Louisa. As it was written more than four years after her death, she is not mentioned. I have looked up a clipping of a letter from Almarin B. Paul in which he speaks of his friend Josh Bernard, as having been tramping about that section all of the summer of forty-five and again in forty-six. He speaks of him as being one of the directors of a mine about a mile from Eagle River in 1845, and of his having reached the country ahead of him in forty-six. Wm. R. Bernard was at the Boston. Also Mr. Paul speaks of Copper Harbor in forty-five as a place of tents, of the Island as Government Island, and of General Stockton as being "in charge". This confirms my impression that Joe Porter was not the first land Commissioner. Reading again, I conclude that the Bernard with whom he tramped the country all summer was Wm. R. Those who have read the "Covered Wagon" and seen the moving picture of it will be more interested in this letter, because the wagon train in it started from Westport, now Kansas City. Bernard seems to have become Indian Agent there.

West Port, August 10, 1852.

Dear Mam:

Safe at home again, a hundred per cent better than when I left, two months ago. I believe I am a better man, feel better, am better, entirely amiable, docile, a child could play with me now with impunity, and I give the trip to the lake all the credit. When I left there things had to stand around, nothing seemed to go right, now all is harmony. The recollection of fine messes of trout, and the cool baths in the lake, the romping frolics we had, oh, it's delicious to think about. As I said before, I think I shall get me to the lake every summer



as long as I live, that is, if I don't conclude to go north to live altogether.

I found lots of work to do when I got here, and I have been doing it with all my might, which has kept me from getting the blues. In about a month and a half I will be through, and I have a party already made up to go buffalo hunting. Then by that time will be winter. I can then do first rate. Our Indians have been cutting up all sorts of rustys, but I do not know whether these things would interest you. The most important, however, is the killing of Col. Marcy and his company (80 in number), by the Camanches. Divers and sundries others have been killed within the last two months, and yet, today, we have just started a train of the Government loaded with presents for these same Indians. They should have sent as many wagons loaded with soldiers, and chastised them severely, and then they might give them as many presents as they chose. Neither can the whites who travel the road behave themselves. Four days ago Mr. Hays (our clerk at Council Bluffs) came in with a Delaware woman with her throat cut enough to kill any white person, who reports that a party of white men who travelled with them from Santa Fe, killed all of her party but her, and left her for dead, took their animals and about \$400 in money. These same men as described passed here a few days in advance, on their way to St. Louis. I immediately telegraphed St. Louis, had them taken, and they are on their way up, and will be tried tomorrow. The case—the evidence—is positive, and perfectly plain, and I think they will be hung. I hope they may be, for though the plains Indians frequently go unpunished, that is no reason why our Indians here should be butchered; and besides, two wrongs do not make one right.

Oh, do say to Mrs. Reese that Mrs. Robert Kinzie is in the store, and talking to me with all her might, while I write, and desires that I give all sorts of love to Mrs. R. She says they have not met for a great while, but does not know what would give her more pleasure, than to see Mrs. Reese. Mrs. Kinzie is on her way, in company with Mr. K. and *all the children* to Chicago. I should like for you to remember me kindly to Mrs. R. Give my love to the little Brockways. Mam, Goodbye. There has just arrived a delegation of Sac and Fox Indians on their way to Washington. These are my Indians, and I must attend to them and their Agent. Then Goodbye. I shall expect to hear from you.

Your friend,

W. R. BERNARD.



## REMINISCENCES OF ISLE ROYALE

BY WILLIAM P. SCOTT, M. D.

HOUGHTON

**I**T WAS in 1890, on Thanksgiving day morning, just before daybreak, after an uneventful trip across Lake Superior on the Steamer A. B. Taylor—save for a few uneven spots which bothered some of our number who had weak stomachs—we were told that we were in Washington Harbor, Isle Royale, and would soon be at the Wendigo Copper Company's Camp. *as S. R.*

It was so dark that we could not see much around us. But we took it for granted that Capt. Charlie Plummer knew where he was—he was always so sure of everything—so we did not worry; anyway the prospect of getting a footing on something less unsteady than our little steamer, appealed to us and we were glad that our trip was about at an end. Just how the Captain brought our boat into Grace Harbor, thence through a rather narrow letter “S” channel into Washington Harbor and then up five miles to its head where the company's camp was located, and all in the dark, I never could exactly figure out after having gone over the same course later in daylight, but Charlie said he could tell where the hills were at least, by the echo of his whistle. At any rate we arrived safely and were greeted by two or three people on the dock carrying lanterns, about the same time we heard the bugle call for breakfast.

I have never forgotten the sensation of being wakened, and going to meals at the sound of a bugle. Military life always appealed to me as a boy. Our bugler was also the chief cook, Harry Decon at the officers' mess house. He had improvised a variety of calls as near those of a martial character as he could imagine which came echoing back to us from the neighboring hills. These calls were very real just about the time

when a second nap was in order, and a person felt that he never did want so much to sleep as just at that moment. But Harry was inexorable, the autocrat of the breakfast table in fact, and if one wanted to eat, he had to be on time.

All that first day was a busy one, we getting located in our quarters, and the boat crew bringing ashore the last of the supplies which were to be left us for the long winter.

The Captain said he would take the steamer up to the fishing station at the gap, so called, that night, where he would be near the open lake, so that he could start back to Hancock the next morning. It was well that he did so, for when morning came, the few boys at our camp were skating all over the harbor on good safe ice. We were closed in until the following May. We began gradually to realize that we were cut off from the rest of the world and thrown on our own efforts to make the time pass as usefully and agreeably as possible with the resources at our command.

The personnel of our party that first winter was about as follows. First, there was the Boss as he was familiarly called, Mr. Samuel S. Robinson, with his son, "Young Sam", as aide. Mr. Robinson was a big man—physically and otherwise—over six feet tall, weighing 280 lbs., with a remarkable evenness of temper and poise which served well to smooth out the petty difficulties which arose from time to time, after most of the party had been shut off from the outside world long enough to get on each other's nerves. He had had a long experience as a miner, prospector and mine manager in the East, Southwest and West, and was, I have been told, the first manager of the Quincy Mining Company in our own neighborhood, who put it on a paying basis. Mr. Robinson was just and kind to all—the father of the camp.

One of the most important of the official family I speak of now although he did not stay on the island the first winter—Mr. Wm. W. Stockly, mining engineer. Mr. Stockly had been with the company from the time of its organization and

brought over his family from Hancock in 1891, they spending the second winter with him at the Wendigo Camp at Washington Harbor. Mr. Stockly's reputation for accuracy and thoroughness is well known.

Next in order came our Mining Captain, Capt. Jim Pascoe who for a number of years had been at the Champion Iron Mine. Our Surface Boss was Grades Kruit. The book-keeper was Ayres Stockly, father of our engineer—an old Copper Country resident. Fully as important in the camp as most of us, as storekeeper—cruiser and liberator of supplies generally—was John Coughlin of Hancock. John was much in demand at the little log warehouse, called the store, where the men bought their tobacco, essence of ginger, socks, etc. Essence of ginger I soon discovered was used by some of the men who had been lured from the docks of Duluth, and brought over on our last boat to winter with us, to tapper off on. Volstead never made a country dryer than our camp was under the manager's strict rule.

Our general working force was made up of the carpenter, Mr. Davis, father of the late C. C. Davis, formerly a builder and contractor of Houghton, Mr. Rush Livermore, and some real miners, laborers, cooks, recruited from various places, some having been fishermen around the island. These last were all good boatmen. A good boatman on Isle Royale was a valuable accession, whether to get to the mainland for mail and supplies or in fact to take one anywhere off the few trails.

Finally there was the company doctor, whose duties were not very arduous, there being little or no sickness, so that in sheer desperation for something to do he asked if he might get the few children together and see what he could do as a pioneer school teacher. The boss took kindly to the idea and the parents were equally glad to get rid of the children for a part of each day. A little log house was at once built, a blackboard improvised, and a few board benches and an

old box wood-stove completed the furniture. There were some twelve or thirteen children in attendance, four of whom were of early kindergarten age and had as yet never attended school anywhere; the balance ranged along up to the fifth grade. Keeping one set quiet while others were reciting was more or less of a problem and solved in various ways. Being sent home was sufficient punishment for the older children when unruly; the fear of the parental rod and missing the entertainment of hearing the infant class recite or rather shout in concert was enough to hold them within bounds. The infant class so-called was encouraged to recite their A B C's and spell short words as loudly as possible so that when they were through they were so tired out they were glad to keep still for a while. Altogether the children did very well and at the end of the winter the parents decided they had learned something at least.

The winter days passed one after another very much alike, the men starting to their work often before daylight, the few families busy with household cares, and the children at school. Sunday was marked by raising the Stars and Stripes on the flag-pole in front of the officers' quarters, but in no other way except occasionally some of us would don what was termed a boiled shirt and a linen collar as a special mark of Sunday observance. We had a clergyman in training—a divinity student—come to us once during the first summer and he was specially warned by young Sam Robinson to give it to us light as we were not used to much religion.

During the long winter evenings, some amusement was necessary. A very fine toboggan slide was made, and lighted by lanterns on each side. This was enjoyed by most of the younger residents. One or two parties were given during the winter to which everyone was invited. The first one was on New Year's eve for which some good eats were served and music provided. The music consisted of one accordion, a fiddle, and possibly a mouth organ, and came nearly being

omitted. One of the men, a foreigner, considered somewhat simple, was told some time before by his friends that he was not to be invited. He quietly bought up everything that could be considered a musical instrument and when the time approached, said that if he were not invited to the party, there would be no music. It is needless to say he was there.

Sunday furnished an opportunity for snow-shoe tramps, fishing through the ice and the everlasting card game at the Bunkhouse with packages of tobacco for the antes. Pay checks changed hands freely. The first Sunday that the doctor spent on the island after the boat had whistled good-bye, was a little uncertain and lonesome. Our manager, a good judge of human nature, suggested a walk to a high point of land not far from the camp where a good view of the north shore of Lake Superior could be had. He pointed out the smoke of a distant train on the Canadian Pacific Railroad and said "There lies a busy traffic from one side of the country to the other. You are not out of the world with so much life and business activity still farther north than we are." It was a distinct comfort and I do not believe that the doctor ever again felt that he was at the North Pole and out of the world.

Each evening after supper, the various heads of departments met at the manager's office, talked over the work of that day and made plans for the coming one—a meeting of the general staff as it were. These meetings were all pleasant and harmonious.

The work the first winter consisted chiefly in the construction of a suitable boat dock for which logs were cut and hauled over the ice a half mile or more. Log cribs were sunken through the ice on which the dock timbers rested. Some square timber was also gotten out for other construction work. Work was also done in driving some few feet of drifts or tunnels into promising hillsides in search of copper. The following summer systematic diamond drilling was commenced and a cross-section of that part of the island

was thus made under the engineering supervision of Mr. Stockly, from which information valuable geologically was obtained. Diamond drilling continued until the end of our second summer, when all work was discontinued.

An opportunity was afforded the doctor to spend a third winter on the island by one of the English directors of the company who wished to bring his family there and do some hunting and trapping, but he declined with thanks. In reckoning our time of residence on Isle Royale we usually thought of it in terms of winters—one or two as the case might be. There was very little that was unusual or exciting except possibly a forest fire which came to the borders of our clearing the second summer. Old and young were busy for a while carrying water and fighting fire. One of our winters we were 71 days shut off from the outside world, and when at last the news spread rapidly that there were some little black specks away over the ice fields, which with our powerful glasses we saw to be our first dog team from the north shore, work stopped and all were anxious to get the first news after so long a wait. The mail train consisted of a semi-arctic sort of toboggan drawn by four vicious looking dogs of the most virulent type, and driven by two half-breed Indians. It is needless to say how eagerly our mail was read and how the belated newspapers and magazines were passed from one to another, even the advertisements being devoured with zest.

Perhaps the most delightful holiday we experienced was on May 9, 1891. The day was warm and sunny, the harbor free of ice, everything was going along humdrum—all had been hoping for the arrival of a boat and hadn't much "pep" left from hoping so long. About ten o'clock in the morning we heard the well known whistle of the steamer Taylor. Work was of course dropped and many felt like packing their "grips" before the boat came in sight from behind Beaver Island. The first boat meant much to everyone, fresh meat and vegetables and a chance to go ashore, as we regarded



View at outlet of Siskowit Lake, Isle Royale



getting to the mainland—a chance for some whose thirst had never been entirely quenched to get good and drunk, a chance for all who wished to see their friends. One hero who had saved his entire wages and who wished to buy a boat and start fishing on his own account, knowing his own failings for liquor, refused to come ashore and the last we knew of him he was still on the island. One of the most beautiful sights it seemed to me I had ever seen was a small field of real green grass as we approached Hancock on the first trip to the mainland.

It would be impossible to tell all the incidents of a winter life on such an out-of-the-way place as Isle Royale, within the compass of any short paper. I will therefore content myself by giving a short description of the island itself, so far as our own observation permitted.

Isle Royale, up to a comparatively late date, might be termed, in some ways—economically, a No Man's Land. Save for the fisherman who made its shores a landing place for his nets, the occasional attempt to find copper near its shores, and the chance summer visitor who was curious and hardy enough to seek an outing outside of the ordinary beaten paths, there is no human life there. It is in its interior a beautiful, wild and almost impenetrable wilderness of precipitous rocks, swampy and boggy benches and tangled forest. Generation after generation of trees have lived, died and been thrown down by the wind in every conceivable direction to make a layer several feet deep in places; while their successors have grown over and around them often covered with festoons of semi-arctic moss. The deep woods were ordinarily somber, the quietness depressing. The birds and animals were few and sought the open places mostly. In the fall the non-resident birds, like the fishermen, explorer, and visitor, came to rest for a day and then passed on to their several homes in the south. First the robins would appear in hundreds, a day later would be gone—simply disappear. A little later

on the shore larks would do the same and so would come and go the other migrants. In the spring the process was reversed.

The real self-assertive life of the woods was of two kinds, first the red squirrels, and even they from choice sought the open spots. Squirrels were so numerous that they almost seemed to be in each other's way, bold and curious, their chirping, impudent voices in the stillness one could almost feel were a relief and quite companionable.

The other form of forest life so numerous and so varied was the insects. One could often neither see nor hear them but they "got there" just the same. The smaller the insect, like the same type of human nature, the meaner the sting. They literally got under one's skin. I refer to the "no see ums". The island forests fairly teem with all sorts and improved varieties of insects which bite. Myriads of black flies, mosquitoes, deer flies and every insect pretty much which is equipped to bite, is there in its season. Even the homely house flies do the best they can. Another insect I have not mentioned, possibly imported, possibly not, and likewise arranged to bite, was the good old orthodox bed-bug so-called, of our ancestors' happy memory, who gave our grandmothers so many opportunities for household inspection. This insect lived mostly in the moss chinked between the logs of the usual camp dwellings, in such numbers that one might at times see the moss itself move. In fine, the conditions for insect life of all kinds on the island are perfect—so much for this type.

As I have said, birds are few in the deep forests of Isle Royale. Around the camps during the winter time, one only sees an occasional raven, also a large blue bird, the shrike or camp robber, which looks something like a blue jay. These birds share with the squirrels the refuse thrown out from the cook shanties. In 1890 one pair of American eagles had a nest looking like a miniature hay-stack in a large tree, almost inaccessible, not far from the shore of Washington Harbor.

Another such was reported at Tobin's Harbor. It must be apparent that any description of the Ecology or Natural history of the island by the average resident, must depend entirely on his own opportunities for observation and therefore is necessarily limited. During the summer months there were the usual small birds that are seen in a northern climate. Owls were numerous and grew fat on small game, frequently rabbits. Around the shores of the harbors were occasional small families of ducks, but the sea-gulls were very much in evidence everywhere, especially near the fishing stations where the discarded dead bait fish were plentiful. During the summer, the fisherman did what was called deep-sea fishing. Short lines, six feet or more in length with hooks attached, were suspended from one long line, to which a buoy at each end was fastened to mark its location, the whole properly weighted so that the hooks would reach the required depth, usually a hundred feet or more. Towards evening the lines were lifted, the fish removed, and the dead bait replaced. The gulls were sure to be in waiting when the refuse bait was taken to some convenient gull rock for disposal. A wild scramble and this garbage soon disappeared.

Another interesting sight was to see an eagle rob a duck of the fish it had caught. A commotion was noticed among the ducks. Like a flash, from somewhere in the sky, an eagle came and had the fish which was dropped by the unlucky duck before it had reached the water. Amongst the permanent bird residents occasionally seen, were the prairie grouse, the eagle (bald), great horned and American hawk owls, several varieties of woodpeckers, the blue jay, northern raven, etc. The shrike, before mentioned, was a winter resident, said to be a migrant from the north. One other bird I shall not omit to mention, on account of its remarkable ability to dive, also its ability to swim at different depths with the head above water like an animated periscope. This was the loon. Loons have been occasionally caught on the

set lines and in gill nets. This means that they have dived to considerable depths, presumably after the herring used as bait.

Although Isle Royale is an almost uninhabited region except for the summer visitor, including fishermen, yet its original condition has been modified in several important respects. Forest fires have at various times swept over large areas of certain parts of the island and trappers have exterminated the beaver and perhaps other species. Old beaver dams are found. One of them was located at the upper end of Washington Harbor near the powder house of the Wendigo Copper Co. Old beaver cuttings brought into camp and dried became cracked and broken up indicating that they had been submerged for a long time. It would be of considerable interest if the records of the old fur companies could be examined for information bearing upon the original mammal fauna of the island. It is not unlikely that the otter was a member of this group; it would be more surprising if it were not. Near the east end of Todd's Harbor there is an Otter Lake, but it is very difficult to determine how much reliability can be put on such place names as evidence of the former occurrence of animals. Amongst the animals actually seen by members of our party, were the following—woodland caribou, Hudson Bay red squirrels, several varieties of mice, the muskrat, hare, Canada lynx, and bats. In the winter we saw animal tracks in the snow said to be marten or minks. The footprints on the snow furnished us a somewhat graphic record of the variety of animal life which had so recently been wandering around, some on pleasure bent; others, the carnivora, on the look-out for the unwary vegetarians as food. After a moonlight night the rabbit or hare tracks on the snow were innumerable, indicating that Brother Rabbit had enjoyed the nice night fully as much as his human brothers would, had they been there. The number of tracks would not necessarily indicate the number of rabbits present, a single in-

dividual having the ability to make an immense number of foot-prints. Squirrel tracks were characteristic and could be readily recognized. Lynx tracks were occasionally seen and told their own wild story, as also did those of other animals of prey.

In the summer time the only animal track I recognized, and followed for a mile or more, was that of a large caribou who wandered into our upper camp called Wendigo, on the Washington River, while the men were away at work, and startled the sole occupant left in charge, our diamond setter, old Billy May, who when asked what he did when he saw the animal, said "I he'd a stone at un". I was sorry not to have had a chance to see a real live caribou. We had heard, what we had considered something in the nature of a fairy tale, about caribous being present on the island, and this was the only real evidence we had been able to get. The same caribou probably was seen once or twice later and was likely a straggler from the north shore which had come over to us on the ice. When one reads in the daily papers of late of the herds of caribou and moose present on Isle Royale, we who have lived there winter and summer can't help but be suspicious that the party who saw these various herds must have had some peculiar brand of moonshine with him. Perhaps the squirrels did not keep still long enough for him to make sure whether these animals had horns on or not. It is of course not impossible that other caribou may have straggled over to the island from the north shore since the time we saw our one visitor, nor is it impossible that some of those who came may have become permanent residents, but if they have increased to any considerable number, we in Houghton do not hear much about it and certainly do not hear of many successful caribou hunts from local sportsmen.

The fish we were most interested in were those used for food. In the springtime brook trout were caught in Washington Creek and along the shore in the upper part of the

harbor, and were no doubt to be found through the length of the island, in suitable habitats. I saw one good-sized pike caught in our neighborhood and was told that they were plentiful at Tobin's Harbor. Our staple food fish in the summer, and sometimes caught through the ice during the winter, was the lake trout. Some of these weighed as much as forty pounds. Trout caught at regular fishing stations at that time, weighing over eight pounds were classed as second grade, and salted; those weighing up to eight pounds were first class and stored in ice. In the winter time after about the first of January when the supply of beef ran out, the common lake herring with an occasional rabbit caught in snares, was the only fresh meat to be had. Company nets were sunk through holes in the harbor ice and several hundred pounds of fine fresh herring were caught each week and distributed to the several camps. These were a pleasant change from the "salt horse" so-called by the men, and the salt pork, for a while; but we were served fish so long, in every style for a change, with salt pork for a relish always, that we finally became pretty well fed up on that kind of food. Suckers were plentiful in the mouth of Washington Creek, and of interest to us chiefly on account of one of our party mistaking them for a school of brook trout and trying to get them to take his hook; this was supposed to be a joke.

The forests of Isle Royale include a considerable variety of trees, both deciduous and conifera, of a generous distribution and abundance, for the Island as a whole is heavily wooded. The largest and dominant trees were balsam, firs, spruce, and white birch, with the exception of the western end where the hard maple, yellow and black birch seemed to be in large numbers. We saw some isolated but good stands of white poplars from ten to twelve inches or more in diameter, and quite tall. An occasional white pine was also seen, but nowhere abundant. The soil was mostly shallow; this together with the laterally limited root system exhibited by the larger



overturned firs, suggested that after attaining a certain height and rigidity, they became sufficiently exposed to be overturned by the powerful winds that swept the island. Tamaracks were more or less in evidence in the bog areas. One tamarack log brought into our camp—taken from a tree which had fallen and been partially submerged—after being dressed yielded a piece of sound timber about ten inches square from its interior. It was evidently a pioneer relict.

Lichens and mosses of several varieties were abundant, and interesting as probable pioneer flora. The flowers that specially attracted my attention were some beautiful plants of lady slipper orchids, the flowers purplish pink, also the blue hare-bell that grew in crevices of the rock along the island shore, and which were more beautiful and wonderful on account of the barrenness of their surroundings, and one unusual and rare variety of clematis (wild) growing near the top of Beaver Island in Washington Harbor was seen with blossoms each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 inches across the upper surface. These were a purplish white color so common in many wild flowers where, it seems, that if intended originally to be pure white, the primal color purple which many cultivated flowers often revert to, crept in.

As a summer outing place, the shores of Isle Royale would furnish plenty of rugged scenery, and probably well repay one for a visit there, but the average person would scarcely go there often; at best it is a long, long way from home, and it is practically inaccessible for nearly half the year, and partly so the rest of the time. The sand beaches are few, which is characteristic of a greater part of the shores of Lake Superior generally. On the south side of the island there are two or three miles of submerged reefs most of its extent; on the north shore, on the other hand, the largest lake steamers could lie comfortably close to the shore and have many feet of dark blue water underneath them almost anywhere.



The only part of the island left for a park would be its interior, where the cost of clearings and making roads would be well-nigh prohibitive. The Wendigo Copper Co. after three years of work, spending over a quarter of a million of dollars, had but a few shanties, about ten miles of poor road, barely sufficient for travel, and some diamond drill work to show for it. In the fall of 1892, all active work ceased and the camps were practically abandoned, except for some caretakers left in charge.

One evening in October about six o'clock the families and men left the island on the steamer *Ossifrage*. To many the island had become a peaceful home, and it was not without a tinge of sadness that some of us looked back at its receding shores. One thought of the lines from *Evangeline*:

"This is the forest primeval.  
The murmuring pines and hemlocks  
Bearded with moss and in garments green  
Indistinct in the twilight."

## MICHIGAN AS SEEN BY AN EARLY TRAVELER

(FROM HOFFMAN'S *A Winter in the West*)

Marshall, Calhoun Co., M. T., Dec. - 416

**I** CONFESS that it was with some pleasure that—after dividing my time for several days, as described in my last, between roads rendered almost impassable by continual snows and log-cabins, where the recent settler, however hospitable, had but spare accommodation to offer to the passing traveler—on rising an elevation on the northern bank of the Keklamazoo, I saw a large frame-building, which was evidently an inn, rearing its comfortable-looking chimneys above a group of log-huts on the plain beneath.<sup>1</sup> My horse, who had doubtless repented of former escapades in the companionable intercourse which had now for some time subsisted between us, seemed to sympathize in the feeling; and pricking up his ears, as he snuffed the grain in a flour-mill directly beneath us, we descended the slippery height, and were soon tolerably well-housed in the new inn of Marshall. The house was, indeed, not as yet plaistered inside; and the different bed-rooms, though lathed, seemed divided from each other by lines rather imaginary than real; but the bar-room wore already the insignia of a long-established inn in an old community; and apprized me at once, by the placarded sheriffs' notices and advertisements for stolen horses, grain to be sold, and labourers wanted, which indicate the growth of business in country life, that society was in a pretty mature state—at least six months old—in the county town of Marshall. I was, therefore, not at all surprised to find among these notices a call for "a railroad meeting" in the evening, especially as nearly eighteen months had elapsed since the first white man erected his cabin in this section of the country.

The meeting, which might be termed a crowded one, was

1. Continued from the April number of this magazine. For note on the author and text, see the January number, p. 72.

conducted with more animation than unanimity. There were several intelligent men present, however; and I listened with interest to their exposition of the resources of this section of Michigan, which, as a wheat growing country, may be justly compared to the celebrated Genesee valley of New York, while the soil, as I have heard it well observed by a resident, "unlike the heavily-timbered land of the Eastern States, instead of wearing out one generation in subduing it for the purposes of the husbandman, invites the plough at once." Nor, if a rail-road should be constructed from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph's passing through the counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Van Buren, and Berrien, do I think it would be too bold to assert that the amount to be transported by the time the work was completed would be equal to one million of barrels, which is a less estimate by two hundred thousand than I have seen given by an intelligent writer on this subject in a Detroit paper. The route thus designated, I am persuaded, is the right one for a rail-road; though, should a different mode of communication be determined upon, it would be difficult to decide whether it were most expedient to construct a canal from the falls of Grand River to Detroit, or from the navigable waters of the St. Joseph's to Monroe. I do not hesitate to add, that before two years have expired, all of these routes will be under contract. The abundant resources of Michigan are developing so rapidly, that they will shortly require all these outlets; and in a country where you may drive a barouche-and-four for hundreds of miles in any direction through the woods, the expense of constructing more artificial ways will be comparatively trivial.

Did I not know how ignorant generally the people of the east are of the resources and condition of this country, it would surprise me that some New-York capitalists have not embarked in some of these works. A tempting speculation might be realized by laying out a rail-road on one of these

routes above described; having first purchased the land in its vicinity at government prices, to be disposed of afterward when its value should be enhanced by the completion of different sections of the work. The ingenious writer, above alluded to, has already suggested this mode of covering the expense of such an undertaking. You can have no idea of the feeling existing on the subject of internal communications throughout Michigan; and it would amuse you not a little to witness the heart-burnings and jealousies on the subject which pervade a country but just beginning to be peopled. The rapidity with which people establish themselves and collect the indications of agricultural wealth around them, before they have even the ordinary comforts of life, will, in a great measure, account for their looking thus ahead and quarrelling about the game before it is hunted down. The farmer, who has more grain in the sheaf stacked in the field than he can accommodate in his barn, is naturally more eager to find the means of sending a share of it to market.

I was quite diverted at the turn matters took at the meeting which suggested these remarks, when a discussion in relation to the various routes to be recommended to government in case they should consent to make a railroad through the Peninsula, became unpleasantly warm. "This pother reminds me, Mr. Chairman," said an old pioneer, "of two trappers who, in planning a spearing expedition for the next day, quarrelled about the manner in which a turtle, which they proposed taking, should be cooked for their supper, after the day's sport was over. An old Indian happily settled the difficulty, by proposing that they should first *catch the turtle!* Now, sir, as this railroad,"—"the case is not at all parallel"—interrupted a still more ancient speaker, "for *Nature* has already caught the turtle for us. She meant the railroad to pass right along here, and nowhere else."

The councils of the meeting were not on the whole so harmonious as I could have wished from the courtesies offered

me after its termination by the adherents of the two parties of Guelphs and Ghibbelines, which distract the unhappy city of Marshall; but it was surprising to a stranger, upon looking round at the hovels of mud and logs which as yet occupied its site, to find so many persons of intelligence and refinement thus collected within their precincts. The population of Michigan generally—as I believe I have before observed—is much superior in character to the ordinary settlers of a new country. The ease with which a man can here support a family as a farmer, induces a great many persons of all professions, in other states, to abandon their former pursuits and become tillers of the soil. The alteration of life, I should judge by the contentment I everywhere witness, is almost always for the better.

I have met with several dyspeptics who have been completely cured of that horrible disease by their change of life. With such, health is a sensation—a positive delight; and in duly estimating the blessing, they of course were ever ready to praise the conditions upon which they enjoy it. Others again, bred up in a city, find in the indulgence of that love a rural life which, when it is a natural taste, is inextinguishable, an ample compensation for breaking up established habits and associations. The majority again are men of slender means; and while the necessity of attending practically to the subsistence of their families keeps them employed, the want of pecuniary resources prevents their embarking in the thousand idle schemes which tend so often to the chagrin and the ruin of “gentlemen farmers.” But the main cause of Michigan being settled by such respectable people remains yet to be mentioned. It is, that no one can take up an acre of land without first paying cash for it, at one of the three land-offices of the territory. The whole surface of the Peninsula has either been, or is now being, surveyed into townships of six miles square. These again are sub-divided into sections of a mile square; which sections are again cut up

into lots of forty acres; which is the smallest quantity of land that can be taken up from the government. The price is invariably \$1.25 an acre. When you consider, therefore, that every immigrant who means to locate (this is a sound American word, and as indispensable in the vocabulary of a western man as are an axe and a rifle among his household furniture), must, however poor, have some earnings in advance to purchase the spot upon which he is to live, and to bring his family to such a remote distance, it will be easy to conceive that the industrious and the enterprising must constitute the largest portion of such a population of freeholders. The prosperity of a whole community, composed of such aggregate masses, may be safely predicted; and though one sometimes meets with those whom the first process of accumulating renders discontented, and induces to speak ill of the country, yet in general I may say, that the pride of a Michiganiaan, in the beautiful land of his adoption, is as strong as the home-feeling upon which the citizens of some of the older States pique themselves. As for the sickness which always prevails more or less among the new settlers, to one who is aware of their imprudences the wonder is that the majority of them escape with their lives. Think but of people setting themselves down on a soil of twenty inches in depth, and in the month of June, when the weeds and wild flowers o'ertop the head of the tallest man, turning over the rank soil immediately around their dwellings, and allowing the accumulation of vegetable decomposition to be acted upon by a vertical sun, and steam up for months under their very nostrils; and yet this, I am told, is continually practiced by settlers who come in late in the season, and are anxious still to have a crop the first year. Here, as in the case of those settlers who for the sake of the wild hay, locate themselves near the great marshes, imprudence alone is manifested; but the charge of culpability will justly attach to some other cases, when nuisances, not before existing, are created by the owners of

property. I allude to the practice, expressly prohibited by the laws of Michigan, of flooding land while constructing mill-ponds, without removing the green timber growing upon the spot. So pernicious is this to the health of the neighborhood, that it affects very sensibly the value of property near the new pond; and yet, in their eagerness to have mills erected and aid the market of their overflowing granaries, the new inhabitants overlook entirely the gross violation of their laws, and the melancholy consequences which ensue to their families. Another cause of sickness is drinking the water of springs or rivers which rise in marshes, and are of course impregnated with their baleful properties, instead of digging wells where water is not liable to such exception. As for general healthfulness of situation I believe it is agreed that the banks of the small lakes which so abound in the peninsula are—when these transparent bodies of water are surrounded by a sand-beach, which is the case with about a third of them—among the healthiest. They are fed generally by deep springs, and in many instances are supposed to have a subterranean outlet; while so beautifully transparent are their waters, that the canoe suspended on their bosom seems to float in mid-air. These lakes abound with fish; and in some of them, of only a few acres in extent, fish have been taken of forty pounds weight. They generally lie imbosomed in the oak openings, and with their regular and almost formal banks crowned with open groves, these silver pools might be readily taken for artificial trout-ponds in a cultivated park. I need hardly add, that it is necessary to diverge, as I have, from the route generally travelled, to see these scenic gems, so numerous, lonely, and beautiful. Not one in a hundred has a settler on its banks; and I confess I take a singular pleasure in surveying these beauties, as yet unmarred by the improving axe of the woodman, and unprofaned by the cockney eyes of city tourists; nor would I change my emotions, while ranging alone over the broad meadows, traversing the lofty



forests, or loitering by the limpid lakes of Michigan, for the proudest musings of the scholar who revels in classic land. It may argue a want of refinement in taste, but I confess that a hoary oak is to me more an object of veneration than a mouldering column; and that I would rather visit scenes where a human foot has never trod than dwell upon those gilded by the most arrogant associations of our race.

What are the temples which Roman robbers have reared—what are the towers in which feudal oppression has fortified itself—what the bloodstained associations of the one, or the despotic superstitions of the other, to the deep forests which the eye of God has alone pervaded, and where Nature, in her unviolated sanctuary, has for ages laid her fruits and flowers on his altar. What is the echo of roofs that a few centuries since rung with barbaric revels, or of aisles that pealed the anthems of painted pomp, to the silence which has reigned in these dim groves since the first fiat of Creation was spoken!

I shall diverge from my western course tomorrow a few miles southward, in order to visit a group of lakes, near which a band of Pottawattamies, a tribe I have not yet seen, have their encampment. I will leave this letter open, in order to give you the result of my visit.

Calhoun Co., M. T., Dec. 23.

I write to you from a little cottage in a beautiful grove, not far from the banks of the Kekalamazoo, where two young gentlemen, recently from the east, have made their home in this land of enterprise. It is amusing to observe how little singularity people here attach to a mode of life which, in older countries, would be looked upon as highly eccentric. My entertainers are both young lawyers, liberally educated, and unused to privation; and yet the house in which I am passing the night, with every article of furniture it contains, is of their own manufacture; a saw, an axe, a wood-knife, and a jack-plane being their only tools. It would amuse you not a little to look through the window, and see our group

at this moment. One of my companions, whose axe and rifle are suspended by wooden hooks to the rafters over his head, is professionally engaged in drawing a declaration at the table upon which I am writing; while the other, having just got through removing the remains of our game dinner, prepared and cooked by his chum, is now sitting with a long pipe in his mouth, watching a coffee-pot which steams up so fragrantly from the live embers, that no light consideration would induce me to part with the interest I have in its contents. Their house, which has been thus occupied for three months, is a perfect pattern of neatness; though, as it consists of but a single room, no little ingenuity is required to arrange their books, housekeeping apparatus, and sporting equipments, so as to preserve even an appearance of order in such a bandbox. They have already sufficient business, they tell me, to sustain their moderate household; and as the Indians supply them with abundance of provisions, they have ample leisure to devote to study.

It is not very uncommon, however, to meet thus with persons of education, and some accomplishment, under as humble a roof as this in the wilds of Michigan. For so rapid is the growth of society here, that he who aims at a prominent station in the new community must be a pioneer far in advance of the growing settlements. Two years ago the first white man raised his log hut in the county of Calhoun; it has now a population of 1,500, and I have passed an evening in at least one mud-plastered cabin, whose fair and elegant inmates would grace any society.

When I see the wives and daughters of men habituated by early education to all the comforts of refined life, thus submitting cheerfully to every privation for the sake of those whose happiness is involved with theirs, I cannot help calling to mind the jargon of novels so often adopted by people of sense in cities, where the terms "excellent match," and "supporting in the station where she has been accustomed to move,"

usurp all considerations of mutual affection, and capability in the parties united to study each other's happiness through life. I am more than ever persuaded that there are two kinds of refinement in life, which bear but little similarity to each other; and the one least often met with is that which is independent of modes and fashions, of tailors, milliners, and cabinet-makers—which does not necessarily lean upon a pier-table, nor repose upon a *chaise longue*—which—shall I confess it?—may be nursed without a silver fork. The purest porcelain which the factories of China produce does not require a single tint upon its surface to show the fineness of the texture; but that in which coarser clay is blended is always charged with some gaudy hue to hide the intermixture of the mongrel material. This doctrine, though, is so little in accordance with those taught in those English novels which constitute the modern text-books of elegance, that while the mode of eating an egg is the test of good breeding, and the art of pattering French phrases the criterion of intellectual cultivation, I should as soon think of interfering with the particular province of a lackey or *friseur*, as of breaking a spear at such disadvantage with the authors of "Almack's" and "Men and Manners—".

But a truce to this prosing. Did you ever see a *Jumper*? A couple of hickory poles so bent that the runners and shafts are of the same piece, with a crate placed on four props, complete this primitive species of sledge; and when the crate is filled with hay, and the driver well wrapped-up in a buffalo robe, the "turn-out" is about as comfortable a one as a moderate man could wish. In such a vehicle as this, with a harness every way suitable, viz. a collar of undressed deer-skin and reins of rope (the twisted bark of trees is often used), did I, with one of my present entertainers, the first companion I have yet had in travelling, sally out from Marshall this morning. My horse, who had detained me there a couple of days by a soreness of his back proceeding from the saddle, seemed highly to approve of this new mode of

travel: Mr. Osbaldistone behind Tom Thumb, Sesostris in his chariot, or Yorke in one of Brower's new omnibuses, could not have dashed off with more glee than did we with our merry jumper along the dimpling waters of the Kekalamazoo; when, lo! just as we had crossed a bridge of unhewn timber, and were under full way through the oak openings, our frail bark struck on a rock hidden by the snow, and we were capsized and wrecked in an instant. Fortunately, though both were pitched like a couple of quoits from the machine, we were neither of us hurt; and my companion returning to the settlement to borrow a horse, I mounted mine, and leaving the remains of my crank establishment where chance had thrown them, I rode on, while he overtook me in time to introduce me to his friend, and make me so pleasantly at home in their dwelling as, you must observe, I now am. Goodnight; I will tell you tomorrow evening how we dispose of our time till then.

December 24th.

The air was mild this morning, and large flocks of snow-birds twittering among the bur-oaks, with jays screaming from the woods, and packs of grouse rising continually before us in the openings, made our route to the camp of Warpkesick, a Pottawattamie chieftain,<sup>2</sup> more like a ride in the spring-time

2. "The Pottawattamies, whose name, as sounded by themselves, is Po-ta-wa-to-mi (in their language, 'We are making Fire'), appear to be connected, not only by language, but also by their manners, customs, and opinions, with the numerous nations of Algonquin origin.

"Their notions of religion appear to be of the most simple kind—they believe in the existence of an only God, whom they term Kasha-Maneto, or Great Spirit. Kasha means great, and Maneto an irresistible being. The epithet of Kasha is never applied to any other word but as connected with the Supreme Being."

[Here, with a more minute account of the usages of this tribe, follows an examination of the charge of *cannibalism*, brought against the Pottawattamies by numerous travellers.]

"The Pottawattamies have a number of war-songs, formed for the most part of one or two ideas, expressed in short and forcible sentences, which they repeat over and over in a low humming kind of tune, which to our ears appeared very monotonous; they have no love-songs; the business of singing (among them) being *always* connected with warlike avocations. Singing is always attended by the dance. The only musical instruments which they use are the drum, rattle, and a kind of *flageolet*. Their games are numerous and diversified; they resemble many of those known to civilized men—such as gymnastic exercises, battledore, pitching the bar, ball, tennis, and cup-ball, for which they use the spur of the deer with a string attached to it.

"The Pottawattamies are, for the most part, well-proportioned; about five feet

than a winter excursion. I was accompanied by my companion of yesterday; and as we were both well-mounted, we galloped over the openings towards Lyon Lake, at a rate that brought us in a few minutes to the white sand-beach which fringes that beautiful water. The marks of an Indian trail were here easily discernible; and following the foot-marks dashed in the yielding sand, the frequent print of moccasins soon led us again away from the shore into a tall wood beyond. A morass, that shook for yards around as our horses' hoofs encountered the sagging peat, was next to be crossed; and then passing between two small lonely-looking lakes, where a tall pine or two lifted its sweeping cone above the tapering tamaracks around, we struck at last into a dense forest. Here the numerous deer-runways, with the flocks of wild turkeys, and innumerable tracks of rackoons, wolves, and bears, showed us that we were upon a favorite hunting-ground of the Pottawatamies. As for the wolves, they are little disturbed by the Indians, who consider them fair hunters like themselves, and privileged to go unmolested. They generally abound around a hunting-camp; and soon grow fat on the offals of game slaughtered near it. But bears, though the successful hunter invariably takes his dead quarry by the paw, calls him his grandfather, and asks his pardon for killing him, "being com-

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eight inches in height; possessed of much muscular strength in the arm, but rather weak in the back, with a strong neck; endowed with considerable agility."

[The above is from Major Long's Second Expedition, performed by order of the secretary of war, in 1823. The number of the Pottawattamies was then estimated at about three thousand.]

According to the information of one of their chiefs, "The Pottawattamies believe that they came from the vicinity of the Sault de St. Marie, where they presume that they were created. A singular belief which they entertain is, that the souls of the departed have, on their way to the great prairie, to cross a large stream, over which a log is placed as a bridge, but that is in such constant agitation that none but the spirits of good men can pass over it in safety; while those of the bad slip from the log into the water, and are never after heard of. This information they pretend to have had revealed to them by one of their ancestors, who, being dead, travelled to the edge of the stream, but not liking to venture on the log, determined to return to the land of the living; which purpose he effected, having been seen once more among his friends two days after his reputed death. He informed them of what he had observed, and further told them that, while on the verge of the stream, he had heard the sounds of the drum, to the beat of which the blessed were dancing on the opposite prairie."—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, by W. H. Keating, A.M., &c.*

\*It is otherwise at least with the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Menomines.

pelled to it by necessity,"<sup>3</sup> are hunted with great avidity; and you generally find a tamarack swamp, the favorite covert of these animals, in the vicinity of a hunting-camp.

We had ridden for about a mile through the heavily timbered land, when reaching the banks of the Nottawaseepe, a branch of the St. Joseph's, I heard the sound of children's voices, and descried two or three red urchins wading through the shallow stream on stilts, while others of a similar age were amusing themselves in shooting bows and arrows on the opposite side. We immediately forded the stream, and making our way into a swamp, where the horses sank to the knee at every step, came unexpectedly upon a piece of firm ground, some eighty yards in diameter, and found ourselves in the middle of the camp of Warpkesick. It was composed of three or four wigwams only, but they were large, and probably contained several families each. They were constructed of mats, arranged precisely in the form of a tent,<sup>4</sup> and supported in the same manner, an opening being left in the centre for the escape

3. "In descending the Ontonagon River, which falls into Lake Superior, our Indian guides stopped on the east side of the river to examine a bear-fall that had been previously set, and were overjoyed to find a large bear entrapped. As it was no great distance from the river, we all landed to enjoy the sight. The animal sat upon his fore-paws, facing us, the hinder paws being pressed to the ground by a heavy weight of logs, which had been arranged in such a manner as to allow the bear to creep under; and when, by seizing the bait, he had sprung the trap, he could not extricate himself, although with his fore-paws he had demolished a part of the work. After viewing him for some time, a ball was fired through his head, but did not kill him. The bear kept his position, and seemed to growl in defiance. A second ball was aimed at the heart, and took effect; but he did not resign the contest immediately, and was at last despatched with an axe. As soon as the bear fell, one of the Indians walked up, and addressing him by the name of Muckwah, shook him by the paw with a smiling countenance, saying, in the Indian language, he was sorry he had been under the necessity of killing him, and hoped that the offence would be forgiven, particularly as Long Knife (an American) had fired one of the balls."—*Schoolcraft's Journal*.

4. The Ottawas have a somewhat different form for their wigwams. "The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags plated and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn rain or wind well. Each mat is made fifteen feet long, and about five broad. In order to erect this kind of tent, they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground in the form of a circle, leaning inwards; then they spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving only a hole in the top uncovered, and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make a fire of dry split wood in the middle and spread down bark-mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of their stretching themselves. In place of a door, they lift up one end of a mat, and creep in and let the mat down behind them. These tents are warm and dry, and tolerably clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch-bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for a shelter, when they keep every thing from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding."—*Col. Smith's Narrative*.



of the smoke, and a blanket suspended over a hole cut in the side, supplying the place of a door. The day being mild for the season of the year, the indwellers of these simple habitations were, at the moment of our arrival, variously occupied in several groups on the outside. Some of the men were cleaning their weapons, and others were arranging a bundle of muskrat traps; while one old fellow, whose screwed-up features, peering from under a mass of grizzly locks, indicated the cunning of the trapper, rather than the boldness of the hunter, was occupied in flaying an otter but just taken. The women alone, however, appeared to be assiduously engaged—the men having all a lounging air of indolence, incompatible with the idea of actual employment: pressing skins was the occupation of the former; and they sat grouped each like a hare in its form around a collection of boiling kettles, over which the skins were suspended.

A tall virago of fifty, whose erect stature, elf locks, and scarlet blanket floating about her person would entitle her to flourish as Meg Merrilies in the frontispiece of Guy Mannering, stood up in the midst; and had it not been for some tolerably pretty faces among her junior colaborers, might have been taken for Hecate herself, surrounded by the weird sisters of the Caldron. A pack of wolfish-looking curs, about twenty in number, completed the assemblage; which when you take into consideration the variously coloured calico dresses and wampum ornaments in which the females had arrayed themselves, with the white, blue, red, and green blankets in which the men were wrapped, constituted about as motley a collection as ever followed Falstaff to the field. Warpkesick himself, the chief of the gipsy band, issued from his lodge while I was thus studying the appearance of his adherents. He was a young man, not more than thirty, with a handsome though somewhat voluptuous cast of countenance and remarkably fine eyes. His stature was below the middle size; and though the upper part of his person was extremely well formed, with a



deep chest and broad flat shoulders, one of his legs, whether from deformity or misfortune I did not like to inquire, was so twisted under his body as to be worse than useless. He supported himself upon an ashen staff about eight feet in length, and terminating at the bottom in a round ball, to prevent it, probably, from sinking too deeply into the earth while in rapid pursuit of game; the chief being, in spite of the unsightly encumbrance he is compelled to drag after him, when bounding like a stricken panther on his prey, one of the keenest hunters of his tribe. He received us courteously, but remained standing; while several Indians gathered in a few moments around him: after shaking hands with them all in succession, I took up a loaded gun, and by way of breaking up the formality of the meeting, desired an eagle-eyed young Indian to make a shot with it. He hesitated for a moment to comply, and immediately all the others, from some whim or other, insisted that I should shoot. Our conversation being altogether in signs, it was some moments before I understood their gestures; and I confess, that having but little practice with a single ball, I was any thing but unembarrassed when I came to understand the purport of the request they were proffering with so much animation. A small blaze that was instantly made with a tomahawk in a sapling, forty or fifty yards distant, left me no excuse for pretending longer to misunderstand my worthy acquaintances; and placing the gun to my shoulder, I was as much surprised at putting the ball within a couple of inches of the centre, as if the tree had screamed when thus pierced by my random bullet.

Having met with those in Michigan who will drive a rusty nail with a rifle at this distance, and shoot leaves from each other's heads at six rods, I could not account for the degree of approval manifested by the spectators, till my companion informed me that the Indians, owing perhaps to the inferiority of their rifles, which are of English manufacture, are but indifferent marksmen at still objects. "*Tai-ya,*" cried the

women, "*Neshin*," said the chief, and "*Nesheslin*," echoed his attendants; while the blankets of the lodges were now for the first time raised, and entering, we stretched ourselves on mats around the fire. A youth of nineteen sprang to his feet as I removed the dingy curtain which formed the door, and revealed a face and form that might be the model of an Apollo. Being ill at the time, he was but half-dressed; the purple blanket dropping from his shoulders setting off a neck and chest of the finest manly proportions. His features were copied by Nature from a Greek model; while his shaven crown, with the single chivalric scalp-lock tufted with a heron's feather, would, in its noble developments, have thrown the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim into ecstasy. The peculiarity of his head-dress, with the beautiful beaded leggins round his ankles, revealed to me at once that the young gentleman was an Indian dandy—a Pottawattamie Pelham in an undress; and I assure you that Mr. C— never schooled any of his New-York rivals to wear their Spanish cloak with a better air than was exhibited by my red friend Mitosway-Coquatchegun, or Ten-Garters, as he gathered the folds of his blankets about his person.

Pipes were now lit, and Ten-Garters, who was too unwell to smoke himself, politely, after a few whiffs, tendered me his, while my companion, who could partially speak the language, was supplied from another quarter: we were soon perfectly at home. I had picked up from the floor of the lodge, on entering, a rude musical instrument—a species of flute, of imperfect tones, but having a rich mellow sound—when, as I was trying to squeeze a tune from the gammutless pipe, Warpkesick rose abruptly, and stating that he had to start at once on a trapping expedition, signified that we should take our departure. An Indian pony stood at the door, and leaping at one bound into the wooden saddle, an immense bundle of steel-traps was handed to the chief by a by-stander; and accompanied by an Indian on foot, almost as sorry-looking as the

miserable beast he rode, our abrupt host disappeared at once into the woods. I was lingering behind to purchase the flute, and had conciliated the squaws wonderfully by tearing out the silk lining of my frock-coat, and giving it in shreds to their children, when my friend, being already mounted, told me we had better move off. I had barely time to cross the saddle, when a whoop rang through the woods, which, while it made my horse spring almost from beneath me, would have wakened Rip Vanwinkle from his twenty years' doze. The piercing cry from the forest was echoed with an exulting shout from every wigwam. A dozen dusky figures leaped through their flimsy porches, with as many rifles gleaming in their hands. He of the heron feather was the first that caught my eye, and as his gun pointed in the direction whence the first whoop came, immediately behind me, I could not help, in spite of the undesirable propinquity of its muzzle, admiring the eagle-eye and superb attitude of the young warrior. Not a soul advanced three paces from the covert whence he sprung. There was a dead silence. The children held their breath, and "Meg Merrilies," who had stepped on a fallen tree at the first outcry, now stood so still that her eldritch form, were it not for the elf locks streaming over her scarlet blanket in the breeze, might have been mistaken for a figure of stone. Another whoop, and the cause of all the commotion at once appeared. A noble buck, roused from his lair by Warpkesick, comes bounding by the camp, and buries his proud antlers in the dust in a moment. A dozen scalping-knives pierce his leathern coat, and the poor creature is stripped of his skin almost before he has time to pant out his expiring breath.

I rode home reflecting upon all I had ever read of the want of vivacity and fire in the Indian character, and concluded that I would rather have witnessed the spirited scene I have just attempted to describe to you, than double all the knowledge I have hitherto laid up from such sources.

I leave this comfortable house in the morning, and it will be long before I reach again one half so agreeable.

Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo Co., M. T., Dec. 26.

"Stranger, will you take a cocktail with us?" called out a tall athletic fellow to me as I was making my way through a group of wild-looking characters assembled an hour since around the fire by which I am now writing. There was a long-haired "hooshier" from Indiana, a couple of smart-looking "suckers"<sup>5</sup> from the southern part of Illinois, a keen-eyed leather-belted "badger" from the mines of Ouisconsin, and a sturdy yeoman-like fellow, whose white capot, Indian moccasins, and red sash proclaimed, while he boasted a three years' residence, the genuine *wolverine*, or naturalized Michiganian. Could one refuse to drink with such a company? The spokesman was evidently a "red-horse" from Kentucky, and nothing was wanting but a "buck-eye" from Ohio to render the assemblage as complete as it was select. I was in the midst of the first real prairie I had ever seen—on an island of timber, whose lee, while making slow headway for the last two hours, with a biting breeze on my beam, it had been my whole object, aim, and ambition to get—a comfortable bar-room, a smoking "cocktail," a worshipful assemblage (Goldsmith's Club was a fool to it) had never entered my dreams! Could I refuse to drink with such a company? The warm glass in my frozen fingers. The most devout temperance man could see no harm in that! It is touched smartly by the rim of the red-horse,—it is brushed by the hooshier,—it rings against the badger,—comes in companionable contact with the wolverine,—*"My respects to you, gentlemen, and luck to all of us."*

Here was a capital commencement with just the sort of sallad of society I have been long wishing to meet with, having as yet only tasted its component parts in detail. But auspicious as was the beginning, I nearly got into a difficulty with my new acquaintances a few moments afterwards, by handing the landlord a share of the reckoning; and I took

5. So called after the fish of that name, from his going up the river to the mines, and returning at the season when the sucker makes its migrations.

back the coin forced upon me, with many apologies upon my part for having presumed to pay part of a "general treat," while labouring under the disqualifications of being a stranger. Room was then civilly made for me by the fireplace, and accepting a pipe proffered by one of the company, a few whiffs made me sufficiently sick and at home to lay it by without further ceremony. "There's a *smart chance of cigars* there in the bar, stranger, if you'd try some of them," said one of the hooshiers.—"Yes," echoed the other; "and they are a heap better than those pipes."—"I allow," rejoined another of the company; "but I wish that fellow would shut the door; he must think that we were all raised in a saw-mill, and then he looks so *peert* whenever he comes in."—"Poor fellow!" ejaculated one who had not yet spoken, "he is considerably troubled with youngness."

"From the eastern side, stranger?" said another to me, "I am told it's tolerable frog pasture. Now here the soil's so deep one can't raise any long sarce—they all get pulled through the other side. We can winter our cows, however, on wooden clocks, there's so many Yankees among us," &c.

A scattering conversation was kept up in similar quaint expressions for some time; but as Mr. Hackett has already given the cream of western phraseology in his whimsical caricature of "the Kentuckian," I will not tire you with enumerating more of those which fell under my observation. These unique terms, indeed, were poured out so copiously, that it was impossible for one's memory, though elastic as a pair of saddle-bags, to retain them. At last a *train* and a couple of carioles drove up to the door, and I discovered, upon their bundling merrily into these vehicles, that the whole company were bound for a wedding. "Jim," cried one driver to another, snapping his whip, "let our horses run near the silk." Jim cracked his snapper, and the light carioles taking the lead, the more humble train skimmed rapidly after them; their dark shadows were soon lost upon the moonlit prairie, and

the sound of their bells died away in the distance by the time I had regained my now solitary seat by the fire.

I have had but a sorry time since leaving the agreeable company I spoke of in my last. Today, indeed, the weather, though cold and windy, has been clear. But on the two previous, I rode for the whole time through alternate snow and sleet, which the wind at times blew so directly in my face as to make it almost impossible to proceed. In one instance, while making my way through a dense forest of twelve or fourteen miles between the openings, without a cabin by the way, my horse stopped suddenly, and looking about ten paces ahead, I saw a couple of deer standing immediately in my path, and gazing on me with the most perfect unconcern; but my fingers were so numb with cold that I was unable to cock my gun, while the timid creatures slowly retired within the depths of the forest. The Kekalamazoo wound through this wood, but the under-growth of timber was so very heavy that its waters, though within a few yards of me, were rarely discernible; and their ample flow, when seen as now swollen by the troubled current of Battle Creek and other tributaries, though capable of bearing boats of considerable burthen, possessed less charms for me than when I first struck the slender rill as it leaped unsullied from its virgin fountain, and went singing on its course. Still it was with regret, when at last ferried over the Kekalamazoo, so long my only companion, that, on turning my horse's head to the south, I took leave of its Arcadian banks for ever. I passed the previous night at the little hamlet of Comstock, where an enterprising young gentleman, after whom the place is called, having the advantage of a good mill-site, is creating a flourishing establishment around him; a frame-store and several log-cabins, with two or three mills, already giving some importance to the situation in a new country. My ride of today, having started late, brought me, about sunset, a distance of twenty miles, to the verge of Prairie Ronde; the



intermediate country consisting partly of burr-oak plains, broken sometimes by the short round hills I have before described, and partly of broad grassy meadows, running sometimes into marshes, and occasionally watered by some clear stream, whose sandy bottom would contrast strongly with its low sedgy brink. The ground became higher and firmer as I approached Prairie Ronde; and then, after riding for a few miles through the openings, when I expected to descend upon a broad meadow, somewhat resembling the many I have seen in Michigan, fully answering to my preconceived ideas of a prairie, I came suddenly upon an immense piece of cleared table-land, some fifty feet above a pretty lake in its vicinity. The scattering houses around its borders, with the island of timber in the centre and the range of six or seven miles of prairie on every side, assured me that this was Prairie Ronde; while the piercing blast which, as the sun sunk redly on the opposite side, rushed out from his western resting place and blew the snow-drift in my teeth, made me eager to cross the waste as rapidly as possible, and sufficiently accounts for the pleasure with which I entered this hospitable inn. The collection of houses which stand sheltered by this wood is called "Schoolcraft." The wood itself, though only five or six hundred acres in extent, has a small lake in the centre, and the village, if not the whole settled part of the prairie, is distinguished by the number of fine running-horses, blooded dogs, and keen sportsmen it has in proportion to the population. Fox-hunting on horseback, with full packs of hounds, is the favourite sport; though wolf, bear, and badger-baiting have each their active followers. The soil is so easy of culture and so generous in its product, that the settlers, after attending to their necessary avocations, have ample leisure for their many recreations. Prairie Ronde, though, like all parts of Michigan, in a great measure settled by emigrants from the State of New-York, is said to count a still greater number of its residents from natives of the



south and west. The population generally was, perhaps, fairly represented at the assembly to which I so unceremoniously introduced you at the opening of the letter.

Niles, Berrien Co., M. T., Dec. 28

I have been now for two days in St. Joseph's county, considered among the finest in Michigan; having, since I wrote the above, traversed the counties of St. Joseph and Cass, watered by the St. Joseph's river, which is the most imposing-looking stream I have yet seen. A ride of fourteen miles from Prairie Ronde brought me first to its banks, which, rising occasionally fifty or sixty feet above the water in a sudden bluff, look higher than those of any river I have yet seen in the peninsula. You must already have gathered, from my attempts at portraying Michigan scenery, that neither the grand, the picturesque—hardly even the romantic—are to be numbered among its characteristics. "The beautiful" comprehends them all; and yet you can readily imagine that, that beauty is neither tame nor monotonous which can shine through the dreary months of winter, and make the half-frozen and solitary traveller almost forget its rigours. It is true, that one brought up in a more rugged and broken country might often miss the mountain-tops leaning against the sky—might sigh for the sound of a cascade, and long once more to plant his foot upon a cliff; and yet, where would the eye more delight to wander than through these beautiful groves, which in summer must stretch their green arcades on every side? Where rest more happily than on those grassy meadows on which their vistas open? These streams, too, that sparkle so brightly over their golden beds, are they no substitute for the rushing torrents of more mountainous countries? Or does the lichen-covered crag tempt one's footsteps more than this teeming soil, when nature has carpeted it with the myriad of wild flowers which the summer's sun calls forth? To no scenery of our country that I have yet

seen is the term "Arcadian" more applicable, than to the rich and fairy landscape on the western side of the peninsula, watered by the Kekalamazoo and St. Joseph's.

The latter stream, when I first beheld it, was filled with floating ice, which the deep and rapid tide brought down with such force, that my horse recoiled with affright when I attempted to urge him into the current, at a point where an old woman told me was the usual place of fording. A rope-ferry, a quarter of a mile farther on, removed the difficulty; and finding my way along a rich bottom, where the trail was so encumbered with vines that it was difficult, even at this season, to keep it, I hailed a grim-looking Charon, with a shock head of hair, attired in a green hunting-shirt, who was standing in the doorway of a cabin on the opposite side, and crossing for me in his scow, I was soon conveyed across the wintry torrent. The country now became gradually more populous as I approached the village and prairie of White Pigeon. I had ridden fourteen miles in the morning without seeing the sign of a habitation; and as one meets with neither travellers nor emigrants at this season, there is some company even in the smoke of a chimney, though you do not stop to warm your fingers by the fire beneath it. I expected long before this to have fallen in with a most agreeable companion, in a gentleman of the country whom I met with at Detroit, and who is a considerable proprietor on the St. Joseph's. Having a fine taste for natural scenery, and being one of the best rifle-shots that I have ever heard of, I anticipated much pleasure and advantage from his company and guidance through the western part of the peninsula. But my journey through Michigan is now nearly finished, as it began, entirely alone. At White Pigeon, where I found quite a pretty village of four years' growth, I seemed, in getting upon the post-route from Detroit to Chicago, to get back once more to an old country. I found a good inn and attendance at Savary's, and discovered, by the travellers going north and

south, that travelling was not as yet completely frozen up. There are a great many English emigrants settled upon this prairie, who, I am told, are successfully introducing here the use of live hedges instead of fences in farming. They are generally of a respectable class, and seem to be quite popular with the American settlers.

The morning was fine when I left White Pigeon today; and as the sun shot down through the tall woods, nothing could be more cheering than my ride among the beautiful hills of Cass County. The road, which is remarkably good, **meanders** through ravines for a distance of many miles, the conical hills resting upon the plain in such a manner as barely to leave a wheel-track between them, except when at times some pretty lake or broad meadow pushes its friths far within their embrace. A prairie of some extent was to be traversed on this side of these eminences, and the floating ice on the St. Joseph's was glistening beneath its shadowy banks in the rays of the cold winter moon when I reached its borders, and arrived at the stage-house in this flourishing town of Niles. Mine host, who does not seem to be the most accommodating person in the world, has refused to provide supper for myself and two other gentlemen at so late an hour, assigning as a reason that "his women are not made of steel,"—an instance of cause and effect which I merely put upon record as being the only one of the kind I have met with in all Michigan. My fellow sufferers appear to be both agreeable men; and as we are to travel in company to Chicago, the sympathy arising from our present melancholy condition may ensure a pleasant intercourse under happier auspices.

The county of Cass, through which I have passed today, has a population of more than 2,000, and contains seven prairies of six or eight miles in diameter, besides many smaller ones. They produce, when cultivated, from thirty to eighty

bushels of new corn, or forty of wheat, to the acre. The mode of planting the former is to run a furrow, drop the corn in, and cover it with a succeeding furrow, which is planted in a similar way, and the field is rarely either ploughed or hoed after planting. There are several pretty lakes in this county; but it is not so well watered as St. Joseph's, through which I passed yesterday, which for local advantages of every kind, as well as fertility of soil, is generally considered one of the best in the peninsula. I like Kalamazoo county, however, as much as any part of Michigan I have seen. I am now within eight or ten miles of the Indiana boundary, and some twenty or thirty only from the shores of Lake Michigan, having described nearly a semicircle in my tour through the peninsula, including, with some deviations, the counties of Wayne, Monroe, Lenawee, and Washtenaw, on the east, Jackson in the centre, and Calhoun, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph's, Cass, and Berrien on the west; and I have not met a resident in that whole range but what was pleased with the country, and I may almost say attached to its soil. The females indeed will sometimes murmur; and in some remote places I have heard those whose conversations indicated that they had not been brought up with the most ordinary advantages, complain of "the want of society." But even these would love to dilate upon the beauties of the country when the flowers were in bloom. Others again, who had been more gently nurtured, would sigh at one moment for the comforts and elegancies of their maternal homes, while their eyes would kindle with enthusiasm the next, when speaking of the appearance which the woods around their new dwellings wore in summer. Small communities form but slowly in a country where the settlers, instead of gradually pushing their way together into the depths of the forest, as at the Eastward, drive their wagons in any direction a hundred miles through the openings, and plant themselves down a day's journey apart, just where their fancy prompts them. This

will account for my so often lighting upon a pleasant hamlet, after a day's travel through a perfect wilderness.

The river St. Joseph debouches into Lake Michigan in this county; and as a steamboat will probably run the next season from the town rapidly growing at its mouth to Chicago, a railroad from Detroit to this steamboat-harbour is only wanting to bring the visitor of Niagara within a few days' travel of Chicago, and carry him through the flowery groves of Michigan to one of the most important points in the Union, and what may be termed the central head of the Mississippi Valley. Delmonico may then stock his larder with grouse from the meadows of Michigan, and Gassin try his skill upon the delicious fish that swarm her lakes and rivers (would that I could at this moment witness some of their curious orgies); while sportsmen will think no more of a trip hither than they do now of an excursion to Islip, Raynor-South, or Patchogue. In the mean time I have secured you the seeds of more than twenty varieties of wild flowers, which I shall send to their destination as soon as possible, lest, from the rapid increase of internal communication, they may lose half their value from ceasing to be a rarity.

(Concluded in October number)

## HISTORICAL NOTES

**T**HE FIFTY-FIRST annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society was held May 14 and 15, in the Hearing Room of the Michigan Public Utilities Commission, State Office Building, Lansing.

Preceding the public sessions, a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held to consider plans and policies which were suggested and discussed to some extent at the semi-centennial meeting held in 1924. It has been observed that the attendance of pioneers at the Lansing meeting has grown less and less with the years. The old pioneers are gone. To many, including the remaining pioneers, it has seemed that the time is ripe to change from the traditional "old folks" programs to the kind which may investigate and present in a more systematic and thorough way the history which the pioneers have helped to make. This change would be in keeping with the pioneers' desire that the younger people should "carry on." They have expressed the belief that in the future the membership should be more largely drawn from teachers, historical scholars, and others interested in research in the field of Michigan history as a first step towards making the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society a real historical organization.

The heads of the history departments of all four of the Michigan Normal Schools are on the Board of Trustees and are strongly in favor of this movement. The entire Board favors it. The question of changing the name of the Society was discussed, and two names were suggested. One "The Michigan Historical Association," would align the Society in name with the national and regional organizations like the "American Historical Association" and the "Mississippi Valley Historical Association," with which the Michigan society is affiliated. Another name, "The Michigan State Historical

Society," was suggested by the names borne by similar organizations in other states. The changing of name is a matter with which naturally there is associated much sentiment, and at the business meeting Friday the following committee was appointed to consider and report upon this matter at the 1926 annual meeting: William L. Jenks of Port Huron, Byron A. Finney of Ann Arbor, Lew Allen Chase of Marquette, Carl E. Pray of Ypsilanti, and Clarence E. Bement of Lansing. At the business meeting Prof. Lew Allen Chase of Marquette presented the findings of the Board in an address entitled "Old Wine in New Bottles," in which these ideas were set forth. The address met with hearty approval from all who were present.

During the coming year there will be ample time to consider ways and means for carrying on the work along these lines. As to meetings other than the annual meeting, the Board of Trustees agree that these may well continue to be constituted as they are at present, somewhat in the nature of pioneer meetings, giving to laymen and pioneers an opportunity to take part in the programs where these meetings are held, upon invitation from various communities.

The Secretary's report at the business meeting covered the program of the Society during the year, together with brief notice of the work of the Historical Commission. It was stated that full accounts of these meetings and of the Commission's work had already appeared in the *Michigan History Magazine*.

A communication respecting the life and work of Mr. Alvah L. Sawyer, Trustee and former President of the Society who died at Menominee last February after brief illness, was read by the Secretary, and adopted. This paper appears in this number of the Magazine.

Twenty-nine deaths in the membership, besides that of Mr. Sawyer, were reported as of record since the last annual meeting, as follows: Mrs. S. M. Bowerman, Lansing; Marion

Deaths  
1926



Leroy Burton, Ann Arbor; Mrs. Phoebe Childs, Flint; Charles F. Davis, Elmira; Franklin S. Dewey, Detroit; Jay Everett, Chelsea; John Farrow, Centerville; Margaret B. Freeman, Hastings; S. E. Graves, Adrian; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. James Gregg, Marshall; William H. Harrison, Tuscola; Mrs. Mary E. B. Henry, Albion; L. A. Howard, Litchfield; Mrs. Mary M. Hoyt, Kalamazoo; Mrs. Emma G. Huneker, Bay City; Charles E. King, Ypsilanti; John McLean, Durand; Fred W. McNair, Houghton; Henry J. Martin, Vermontville; Marvin Preston, Detroit; Norris Richardson, Cassopolis; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Shannon, Bay City; George W. Stone, Battle Creek; Charles E. Townsend, Jackson; Horace N. Turrell, Litchfield; Rev. E. Van Dyke, Detroit; Rev. Ame Vennema, Passaic, N. J.; William A. Woodard, Owosso.

Since the last meeting there were reported as added to the roster 176 new members.

The following persons were elected to honorary membership at this meeting: Wilbert B. Hinsdale, Ann Arbor; George R. Fox, Three Oaks; Edward J. Stevens, Kalamazoo; Stanislas M. Keenan, Eloise; Walter E. Banyon, Benton Harbor; George B. Catlin, Detroit; James E. Jopling, Marquette.

Treasurer Benjamin F. Davis reported as follows:

Cash on hand May 1, 1924..... \$159.78

Received for membership during

the year..... 201.68

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\$361.46

Expenditures for the year.....:

183.01

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Balance on hand May 1, 1925....

\$178.45

The Committee on the Judge Fletcher Memorial (Junius E. Beal, William L. Jenks, Byron A. Finney) reported as follows:

"To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

"Your committee to establish a memorial monument to

Judge William A. Fletcher, the first Chief Justice of the State of Michigan, can again report only progress.

"As was reported last year, a suitable boulder has been found, placed in a prominent place in Forest Hill Cemetery, Ann Arbor, and the Supervisors of Washtenaw County asked to appropriate a sum of one hundred dollars for a bronze tablet to place on the stone.

"At their meeting in October, 1924, the matter was referred to a committee, with power to act, but action has been interfered with by the illness of the chairman of the committee, Mr. Gaudy, of Ypsilanti, and the other members of the committee would do nothing without the concurrent action of the chairman, so the matter has been laid over until next October, when we hope the appropriation will be made.

"Your committee would ask to be continued another year."

The committee was continued.

Trustees elected for 1925-27 were as follows: Trustees C. S. Larzelere, L. A. Chase, C. A. Weissert, C. E. Pray, to succeed themselves, and Mr. Arnold Mulder of Holland, to succeed Mr. Sawyer.

Mr. Mulder, author and journalist, is well known to Michigan people, and widely outside of Michigan through his writings. As a journalist, editor of the Holland Sentinel, contributor to magazines and novelist of unusual merit, he will be a strong asset to the society. He has become well known to historical workers through his addresses in various parts of the state. Mr. Mulder holds the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Chicago.

The new board elected the following officers: President William L. Clements, Vice President Claude S. Larzelere, Treasurer Benjamin F. Davis, Secretary George N. Fuller.

The following resolutions were adopted:

"To the Michigan Public Utilities Commission we express our thanks for the use of their Hearing Room for the sessions of this Society."

"To the memory of Mr. Alvah L. Sawyer, former Trustee and President of this Society, who passed away at Menominee, Michigan, Feb. 5, 1925, after a brief illness, loved and mourned by the entire community, and a host of friends in Michigan and in many states, we desire to pay our heartfelt tribute. To his widow and his children we extend our sincere sympathy in their great loss."

The remaining sessions were occupied with papers and addresses, as follows:

"Was Hamilton a Hairbuyer?" by Nelson Vance Russell of the University of Michigan; "The First St. Lawrence Deepening Scheme," by Dr. George W. Brown, also of the University; "The Influence of New England in Michigan," by J. H. Stevens, of Wyandotte; "The Training of History Teachers," by Carl E. Pray of the State Normal College; "The Use of Indian Legendary Material in Elementary History Classes," by William Edgar Brown of Lexington.

## REPORT of the Marquette County Historical Society, May, 1924—May, 1925:

The material acquired during the past year is less than in some previous year, but it is both interesting and valuable. About two-fifths was acquired by purchase.

There have been the following additions:

Library: Books .....	38
Pamphlets .....	44
Manuscripts ...	91
Maps .....	21
Periodicals ....	7
Newspapers ...	3

Museum articles ..... 100

Much time has been spent learning the facts about material presented to society, and it is hoped the friends will realize

how much easier it will be for all when the facts necessary accompany the gifts. Twice during the year the curator has been able to spend a few hours in the Chicago used-book stores, where much material pertaining to this district was found.

Sixty (60) persons asked to use the Historical Room for definite information. Northern State Normal students have secured fifty-four (54) county biographies.

Respectfully submitted,

OLIVE PENDILL,

Curator.

LIBRARY MATERIAL ACQUIRED BY MARQUETTE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MARCH 1924—MAY, 1925

#### BOOKS

Annual review of the iron mining and other industries of the Upper Peninsula for the year ending Dec. 31, 1881.

A. P. Swineford, Marquette, 1882. R. S. Fay memorial.

The boys in white; The experience of a hospital agent. Mrs.

J. S. (Wheelock) Freeman. New York, 1870.

Description of the country.

Charter of the city of Marquette (Mich.), Dec., 1923. Marquette, (1923?)

Collections of the state historical society of Wisconsin. v. 19.

Early life among the Indians. Reminiscences. . . B. G.

Armstrong. Ashland, Wis., 1892.

Early Mackinac. M. C. Williams. 3rd ed. St. Louis, 1901.

Effects of winds and of barometric pressures on the Great

Lakes. J. F. Hayford. Washington, 1922.

Exploratory travels through the western territories of North

America. Z. M. Pike. Denver, 1889.

The great north-west and the Great Lakes region of North America. Paul Fountain. London, 1904.

History of the discovery of the northwest by Jean Nicollet.

C. W. Butterfield. Cincinnati, 1881.

History and general description of New France by P. F. X.

de Charlevoix. 6v. J. G. Shea, trans. New York, 1866.

- History of the origin of the place names connected with Chicago, & Northwestern.
- History of Minnesota, v2. W. W. Folwell. St. Paul, 1924.
- History of the Sault Ste. Marie canal. D. H. Kelton. Detroit, 1888.
- Index to the mineral resources of Alabama. Ala. Geol. Survey. Montgomery, Ala., 1904.
- Lake Superior, its physical character, vegetation, and animals. Louis Agassiz. Boston, 1850.
- Lake Superior mining institute proceedings, 1923. Ishpeming, Mich., 1924.
- Louis Agassiz. His life and correspondence. 2 v. Mrs. E. C. Agassiz, Boston, 1885.
- Memoir of Douglass Houghton. Alvah Bradford. Detroit, 1889.
- Michigan biographies. 2v. Mich. Hist. Commission, Lansing, 1924.
- Missionary labors of Fathers Marquette, Menard, and Allouez in the Lake Superior region. Chrysostom Verwyst. Milwaukee, etc., 1886.
- Notes on the Northwest; or Valley of the Upper Mississippi. W. J. A. Bradford, New York, 1846.
- Outline of the geology of the globe. Edward Hitchcock. Boston, 1854.
- Prairie and Rocky adventures; or Life in the West. J. C. Van Tramp. Columbus, 1860.
- Remarks on the mining region of Lake Superior. W. E. Logan. Montreal, 1847.
- Reminiscences; personal and other incidents; early settlement of Otsego County; notices and anecdotes of public men; judicial, legal, and legislative matters; field sports. Levi Beardsley. New York, 1852.
- Report of the committee on the judiciary on northern boundary of Ohio. U. S. 24th Congress, 1st Session, H. R. 380. Washington, (1835?)

A trip on the Great Lakes. R. S. Spears. Columbus, 1913.

The western tourist and emigrant's guide, with a compendium gazetteer of the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, and the territories of Wisconsin and Iowa . . . with a correct map . . . J. C. Smith. New York, J. H. Colton, 1839.

Where copper was king. J. N. Wright. Chicago, 1920.

## PAMPHLETS

American mining congress, objects and by-laws. Dec. 8, 1914. (Denver, 1914?)

Ancient and modern Michilimackinac . . . n.p. 1854. 48 p.

Annual report boards of supervisors, Marquette County, Mich. 1924.

The army of 1898 and the army of 1861—A comparison. Walter Kempster. Milwaukee, (1899?)

Change houses in the Lake Superior region. C. E. Kindall. Washington, 1923.

Chicago winter birds. C. C. Sanborn. Chicago, 1922.

Cloverland dairy special, June 1-21, 1924. (Marquette?) 1924.

Description of lands owned by St. Mary's Mineral Land Co. in Marquette County (Mich.) (Detroit, 1863?)

Drainage—Michigan. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Washington, 1922.

A few remarks on the operations of companies, at present organized, for the digging and smelting of copper and other ores on L. Superior and St. Croix River n.p.

The first bank in Michigan. W. L. Jenks. Port Huron, (Mich.) (1923?)

History of the United Spanish War Veterans. W. D. Tucker, comp. 1921 n.p.

In rotary: An appreciation and review. H. A. Clark. Marquette (Mich.) 1923.

Kithi-iti-ki-pi Spring and its beautiful Indian legend. M. E. Holman. Manistique, Mich., 1920.

Mackinac County of the Straits country. n. p. (1923?)

Marquette (Mich.) its history, industry, natural attractions. L. A. Chase and others. Marquette, 1924.

Michigan roads and pavements. Lansing, 1924.

Michigan State Telephone Co. Directories of Marquette County. 1914-1924.

The old Indian Lake mission (Schoolcraft County, Mich.) (Manistique) c192?

The ordinance of 1787. A reply. W. F. Poole. Ann Arbor, 1892.

Prospectus of the Lake Superior ship canal, railroad and Iron co. N. Y., 1871.

Report of the bureau of research, U. P. Educational ass'n, Sept. 1, 1914. Marquette (Mich.), 1914.

Report of the bureau of research, U. P. Educational ass'n, Oct. 2, 1922. Marquette (Mich.), 1922.

Report of Pittsburgh and Boston mining co., 1853. Pittsburgh, 1854.

Report on the exploration of the country between Lake Superior and the Red River settlement. S. J. Dawson, Toronto, 1859.

Report of Worcester (Mass.) historical society, with members, June 1, 1922-May 31, 1923. Worcester, 1923.

Statistical report of lake commerce passing canals at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. and Ont., 1924. Washington, 1925.

Timbering of metal mines. E. A. Holbrook. Washington, 1923.

Upper Michigan calf club members' tour in Wisconsin, Aug., 1923. Marquette (Mich.) (1923?).

William Austin Burt, inventor. H. E. Burt. Chicago, 1920.



## MANUSCRIPTS.

- 21 Bills of lading for shipments of Lake Superior copper, dated July 9, 1853-July 21, 1885.
- Biography of Sherman N. Bronson compiled by his son, Randall P. Bronson, for the 1925 annual meeting of Marquette Co. Hist. Soc'y.
- Biography of Alfred Kidder compiled by family and friends.
- Biography of Samuel Peck compiled by his grandson, Randall P. Bronson, for the 1925 annual meeting of Marquette Co. Hist. Soc'y.
- Burt, William Austin, family history.
- Index to records of bills of sale of vessels at Custom House, Michilimackinac, 1851-1870. Bound.
- Letter from Charles T. Jackson to Robert J. Walker, U. S. Sec'y of Treasury, dated: Fort Wilkins, Copper Harbor, Mich., 1848.
- Personal experience as mining engineer in the Marquette district. James E. Jopling read at 1925 annual meeting Marquette Co. Hist Soc'y.
- Phoenix insurance company policy records, Marquette, Mich., Oct. 1, 1858, to July 21, 1885.
- Record of bills of sale of vessels at Custom House, Michilimackinac, 1851-1870. Bound.
- Record of enrollment of vessels at Custom House, Michilimackinac, 1830-1837. Bound.
- Record of enrollment of vessels at Custom House, Michilimackinac, 1851-1858. Bound.
- Record of enrollment of vessels at Custom House, Michilimackinac, 1858-1869. Bound.
- Record of license bonds at Custom House, Marquette, District of Superior, 1869-1873. Bound.
- Record of Licenses, at Custom House, Michilimackinac, 1851-1858. Bound.

Record of Licenses, at Custom House, Michilimackinac and Sault Ste. Marie, 1858-1869. Bound.

Young Men's Christian Association office book, Marquette, Mich. 1892-1893.

Young Men's Christian association treasurer's book, Marquette, Mich. 1881-1891.

✓ MAPS.

Map of Lake Superior & Ishpeming R.R. showing company's tracks and lands in North Marquette. 1898.

Map of Lake Superior and the northern part of Michigan. J. H. Colton, pub., c1855.

Map of the lands of Michigan Land and Iron co. flooded by the Dead River Lumber company's dam. (1894?) N. Cadarette.

Map of the Marquette County, Mich., roads. Prepared under the Board of County Road commissioners, April, 1924.

Map showing military road lands belonging to estate of J. C. Ayer. G. N. Tacabury. New York, 1888.

- 16 Sanborn insurance maps of Marquette, Mich., Oct. 1897. (3-18)

PERIODICALS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Detroit Saturday Night.

The Echo. Ely School, Marquette, Mich. monthly.

Ishpeming Health news. monthly.

Keweenaw Miner, Calumet and Mohawk, Mich. weekly.

Munising news, Munising, Mich. weekly.

Northern State Normal School bulletin, June 30-Aug. 8, 1924. Marquette.

Northern State Normal news, Marquette, Mich. bi-weekly.

Public Health, January, 1924. Mich. Depart. of Health, Lansing.

Wisconsin Agriculturist, Racine, Wis. weekly.

Wisconsin Magazine of History, Manasha, Wis. quarterly.

A VERY informing paper is that by Mr. Clarence M. Burton, in the Burton Historical Collection *Leaflet* for March, entitled "Detroit biographies: John Askin." The Burton Collection is at the present time engaged in calendaring the Askin Papers in its possession. Interesting is Mr. Askin's reflection, as cited by Mr. Burton, respecting a future life, appearing in a letter to Alexander Henry, July 21, 1803, as follows:

"In all probability you and I and many of our acquaintances who are advanced in life will go by piece-meal; fail first in one thing and then in another. It's better perhaps than to go 'by the run' in the sailor's expression, having more time to reflect and prepare for the journey. As in this life a man of good heart must have pleasure in the Society of his friends, I have little doubt that like happiness, but to a much greater degree, is prepared for the deserving ones in a life to come. Could I be perfectly sure of meeting in the other world many of my old friends (for I do not make new ones), which perhaps I may never see on this side of the grave, it would assist me to make my latter days pass more pleasant."

The May *Leaflet* contains "An Indian Captive's Picture of Early Detroit" (Oliver Spencer's story—circ. 1792—taken from the files of the *Western Christian Advocate*, 1834), and some extracts from contemporary letters published in *The Correspondence of John Graves Simcoe*, Vol. I (1923), shedding light on the British efforts to effect the release of Spencer.

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To the Editor of the Michigan History Magazine:

A PROPOS of Mr. Johnson's excellent article in your January number on "Fifty Years of Michigan's Progress in Education" I wish to add brief comment.

You embellish the article with portraits of Father Pierce who conceived and urged the adoption of our present educational system from University to country schools, and Hon.

I. E. Crary, the legislator who pushed the plan to legal adoption while Michigan was still but a Territory. I think these men merit extended biographical notice in your Magazine.

Mrs. Adams, Ingham County's historian, says history can best be written by those who have personal memory of the facts cited. This may not always be true. But in this case my personal memory is quite at variance with Mr. Johnson's statement that, "It was not until 1881 that the teachers of Michigan were certificated by examination sent out from the state." I taught country and village schools in 1861, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66 and '67, in every case receiving my certificate from the township inspectors. I, even now, remember well many of their amusing questions. One inspector would refuse certificates to a class of sixteen because none of them named the Rocky Mountains as the western boundary of the United States. It was so he had learned it. The county superintendency was adopted in 1867. Judge Hooker (afterward of the supreme court) was the first superintendent of Eaton County. My wife and I went before him for examination. He had the printed questions for 3d, 2d and 1st grade certificates. These were uniform throughout the state at that time. We were each given first grade certificates.

Mr. Spencer was the first superintendent of Ionia County. He died early in office. Prof. Brokaw, principal of the schools at Portland, was then appointed county superintendent. I succeeded him in the Portland school with my wife as first assistant. Prof. Brokaw duplicated our Eaton County certificates without examination. The next two years we taught at Mason and Prof. Brown, the first county superintendent there, again duplicated our certificates. After two years there Prof. O. Hosford, then state superintendent gave me a life certificate.

The memory of men eighty years of age is often at fault but upon these points I cannot mistake and no one living, I think, can say me nay.

Daniel Strange  
Grand Ledge, Mich.

[To this letter Supt. Johnson has replied as follows.]

Mr. Daniel Strange  
Grand Ledge, Michigan.

My dear Mr. Strange:

I have a copy of your interesting letter of the fourth written to Editor George N. Fuller.

I note your criticism of my statement relative to teachers' examinations. I have been several times informed that prior to 1881 when the law for the first time provided for uniform examinations that there were several different times when questions were sent out but it was entirely optional as to whether or not they were used. I presume the better superintendents or secretaries used them, however, I cannot even be sure of that. I do know that there was no authority in law for this procedure and I have been assured repeatedly that it was not done as a uniform and regular practice.

I think perhaps the way I have worded my statement should be slightly amended to read something like this—"It was not until 1881 that the teachers of Michigan were *legally* certificated by examinations sent out from the state."

Thanking you for your interest in the matter and the kindly tone of your letter, I am

Cordially yours,

T. E. Johnson

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To the Editor of the Michigan History Magazine:

WITH due apology for my limitations, I am sending you a retrospect of my early days in pioneer Michigan which may have some interest for "the old boys" and maybe some for the youngsters of this present great and growing generation.

I began early. I made a squally trip from New York to Kalamazoo at the age of two years. My earliest recollections are, shaking ague, rattling saugers and poison sumac. It was a case of the survival of the fittest requiring a struggle for years to determine which was fittest.

I was the youngest of six sons. All grew up strong and husky to the wonder of my father, who said that Providence had conspired with him in raising six stalwart boys and it must be for war. They were imbued with militant and adventurous spirits.

Ira, at the age of twenty, started with one of the first overland outfits to California across the plains and desert and mountains in "covered wagons" or "prairie schooners." They started with high hopes and visions of wealth. They fought Indians and fought among themselves. The train was divided and subdivided and when my brother reached the gold diggings he was in a party of three on foot and digging roots for subsistence. One of the party was suffering from a wound by an Indian arrow. They hung one Indian in reprisal. I asked, "What did the Indian say?" He said, "Ching chong poo po" (if you can translate that you're welcome to it).

Our home in Comstock Township was adjacent to a Mormon settlement with Dr. Hood the leader. Some joined the sect at Nauvoo, Ill. and went with them to Salt Lake and some went later. My father when young had known "The Prophet" J. O. Smith in the East and remembered the circumstance of his digging the Mormon plates from a sandbank in Palmyra, N. Y. according to divine revelation (presumably by revelation of a confederate who planted them there). The name of the Mormon who led the "Destroying Angels" in the Mt. Meadon massacre in 1857 was identical with one of the Mormon boys who went from our community (which may have been a mere coincidence).

Two of my brothers, Gordon and David, signed up to go with

Government forces to suppress such demonstrations. The expedition was by ox-teams consuming the greater part of one year to make the round trip from Nebraska City to Salt Lake.

The transition from Bull teams to Air Planes and from smoke signals to the Radio denotes progress.

In 1860 David again crossed the plains with Gale and Parker with a herd of horses for California and cast his lot with the miners of Carson City, Nevada Territory, where he was joined by my brother Oscar who made the journey by water around the horn. There they met Mark Twain and shared in the scenes from which he drew inspiration, where the man with the gun made the laws, and the Vigilance Committee executed the laws, and they insist that they never saw better or more orderly enforcement. The vigilance committee, they say, never hung one known to be innocent, and few guilty ones escaped.

The two sons remaining at home joined the Union army. Their periods of service extended from the first enlistments in 1861 through the reconstruction period and the activities of the K. K. K. in 1866. After years of indiscretion all returned to Michigan and made homes, with a wealth of experience. Two died of old age. Four are living, ages ranging from seventy-eight to ninety years.

In 1840 a community was organized in Kalamazoo County called the Alphadelphia Association. The members deeded their farms to the Association and built a large community house with apartments for each family, situated on the banks of the Kalamazoo River, near Galesburg. Friction arose, some were faithful workers and some were persistent shirkers and shared equally in the fruits of the common labor. At the end of four years the Association was dissolved and a redistribution of land was made, some being gainers and some losers in the settlement. The County of Kalamazoo purchased the building together with the farm it occupied and the County Poor House was established. The building was well adapted



for the purpose and was continued in use for many years until condemned as a fire trap and the present county house was built.

"Uncle Jo. Flanders" for many years was the only man who had a spring wagon that could carry a coffin, and he invariably bore the dead to their last resting place. Mark Lee performed the functions of undertaker, and services of these two were always voluntary.

The two prevailing languages in those days were the English language and profane language. Oxen under the yoke were thought to be more amenable to profane language. When Deacon Ranney first moved into the community he had occasion to borrow a team. "Uncle Billy Rice" offered him his pet yoke of oxen and told him to keep them as long as he needed them. The Deacon returned them the first night saying that they were headstrong and he couldn't manage them. Uncle Billy said, "Did you swear at 'em?" "No," says the Deacon. "I never use profane language." Uncle Billy said rather petulantly, "Good night, Deacon, you will never learn to drive oxen" (only the word he used wasn't "night").

One of the old landmarks in Comstock Township is the log house in which Gen. Shafter was born, which has lately been bought by the county and made a shrine for the Boy Scouts. The General's father, "Uncle Hugh," was a sturdy pioneer, with some ability as an orator. He was prominent in local politics and never failed to give a stirring speech at our regular "town meetings." He had asthma and was wheezy and breezy and had a peculiar sort of humor. At the time that "Bill" (as we all called the General) enlisted for the Civil War the situation was not considered seriously and "Uncle Hugh" said, in pleasantry, "Bill, you'll be shot where you won't be able to see the wound." And private McDonald who was with Bill said that in one of the early skirmishes Bill received a slight wound. He put his hand to his hip pocket and brought it away smeared with blood and said "there by

G—, shot right where father said I would be shot." A brother officer said, "I would give a month's pay for that wound." But wounds became cheap and plentiful thereafter.

Yours truly,

S. H. CARLTON, Veteran of Civil War,  
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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To the Editor of the Michigan History Magazine:

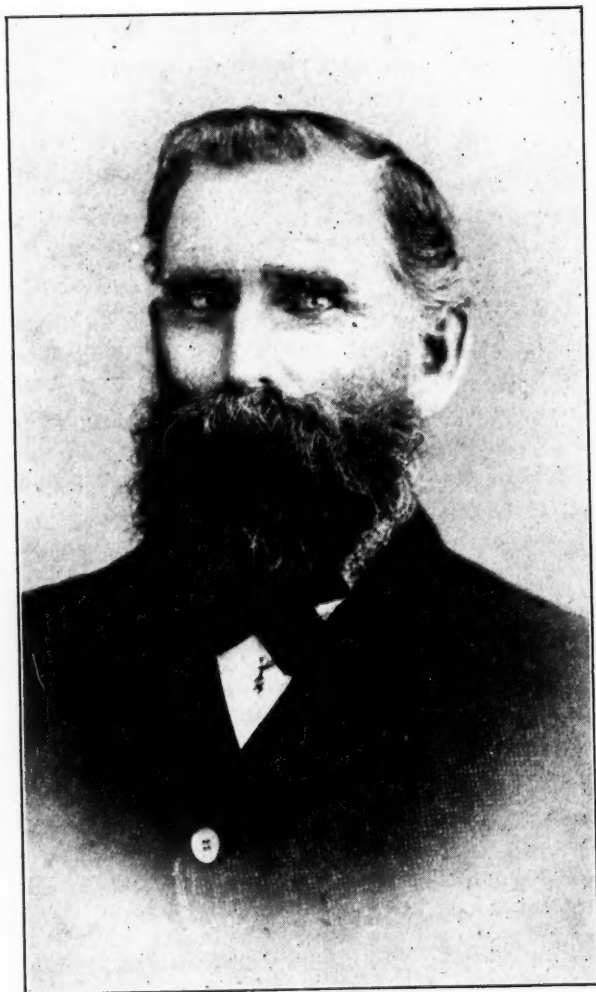
**H**E WHO for long years was a dear and honored associate in many of the happiest and most strenuous undertakings that have occupied my life, Joseph Terry, passed away on Jan. 19 this year of 1925, at the age of 95 years. He was so well known to many of your readers that I am sure they will be glad to have this brief sketch of his life.

Joseph Terry was born in New York, May 7, 1829, being one of a family of eight children to Elijah H. and Margaret Ann Kenian Terry. Of this union there were three boys and five girls, all of whom have passed away, excepting one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Wade of Ovid, Michigan.

The Terry family were among the early immigrants from the states of the east into the wilderness of Michigan. The husband and father, who was a carpenter by trade, followed a blazed trail into Washenaw county in 1833. He came two years in advance of the family that he might provide shelter for them when they came; he took up from the Government a tract of forty acres in the township of Salem, upon which he erected a log cabin and thus made ready for the mother and children.

Salem township at that early period was a wilderness. The settlers were few and far apart, but new comers found their way in every passing year. The Terry boys were handy with tools and because of this fact were able to help their father build cabins for the new comers besides contributing to the living expense of the family household.

All the old pioneers, know how hard it was in those early days to get possession of a dollar; these sturdy Terry boys were glad to labor for 25 to 50 cents a day, many who could do nothing but heavy work received even less, even in those early days a boy or a man



Joseph Terry

with a trade was not so badly handicapped as the man who could only swing an ax or beetle.

At 23 young Joseph measured himself against the surroundings in which his father had cast his lot and concluded that if pioneering was to be his lot he might just as well strike the trail and hunt for something he could call his own. He possessed no grip in which to pack his belongings but as they were very few and of little value he tied them into a little bundle and fastened it to the end of a stick and turned his footsteps towards the county of Clinton, then but a speck upon the map.

His wanderings brought him into the township of Victor, where after many days of tramping, he selected a tract of 160 acres which he destined to become his future home. From the small wages which he had received as a carpenter he had saved up one hundred dollars and this sum was his first payment upon the tract he had selected.

A log house was his first improvement, after which came the clearing of a small tract surrounding the cabin. Progress was slow, being his own cook as well as carpenter and farmer, he found himself somewhat handicapped; nothing was to be gained by procrastinating so young Joseph like all other red blooded American boys of the fifties, began dreaming of a partner. One who would preside over the rude household; look after the bake oven on the stone hearth and contribute something to the dull days of living alone.

All the strange engagements are not confined to our present day advancement, for Joseph Terry one bright summer afternoon while driving his team of oxen from his home to a near-by settlement overtook on the road a black-eyed girl, whose quickening step and graceful carriage attracted his attention. So, like the young American that he was he asked her if she did not wish to ride. She said she would and straightway was lifted into the seat beside him. It was a case of love at first sight; the young pioneer unburdened himself, told of the holdings of his new home and of his desire for a partner to share with him his joys and sorrows. The young lady consented and it was thus that Joseph Terry courted and won the hand of Margaret Ann McCutcheon, who soon after became his wife.

With the accomplishment of a home maker and the pioneer spirit of thrift the young wife made a willing as well as a worthy helpmate. As the years passed more land was added to the original holding and the young couple prospered as the forest gave way to cleared acres. Good management brought accumulations of various kinds. The log house gave way to a fine brick structure which was erected upon a spacious plot of an acre or two, which was set out

to maples, evergreen and flowering bushes. It was a beauty spot upon the landscape and became known far and wide as the home of a happy, prosperous couple.

Friends and neighbors from far and near were always welcome for the latch string, as it has so often been said of the kind and generous, hung on the outside. It was such a home as won Mr. Terry and his wife the admiration and respect of all his neighbors. It has been said of him that no one ever left his door if in want but received aid, often substantially.

In a way he became the banker of the neighborhood; loaned small sums of money to those in want. Notes were taken if offered but more frequently the promise to pay when in funds was all the security offered or asked. From all the accommodations of this kind, made to his struggling pioneer friends and neighbors, he said to the writer, "I never lost a cent."

In 1856 the entire vote of Victor township only totaled 30; in that year Fremont and Dayton were the first candidates nominated for president and vice-president of the United States by the Republican party. He cast his ballot for Fremont and has been a staunch advocate of Republican principles ever since.

The wife of his youth passed away August 11th, 1918. Since her death he has made his home with Mrs. Charles Ross of St. Johns who has given him that care and attention which has made his declining years both pleasant and happy. The old farm was sold some twenty years ago when he moved to St. Johns. May 7th last he reached his 95th birthday, but has been confined to his bed for something over nine months.

During his long illness many of his old friends and acquaintances called to visit him. After weeks of confinement to his bed, wasting away day by day, the one thing that all who called wondered at, was the clearness of his mind; his memory never failed him and he was able to recall incidents of his early pioneer life with a vividness and realism that was truly marvelous.

Indeed it was not always of his youthful struggle and his hardships as a pioneer that he talked about, for he was able to listen and converse intelligently concerning the things that have happened during the past decade. Like Lincoln he was fond of anecdote and story and he delighted to illustrate the subject of conversation with some witticism or joke that pressed the matter home.

His religious belief was simple but very sincere; he pinned his faith to the Divine Ruler and Creator and the Crucified Christ believing that man made his own heaven and his own hell here on

earth. Kindly disposed towards his fellow man; without either malice or hatred in his heart to mar his declining years; with an unfaltering trust in God, whose word he frequently quoted; with a trusting faith in the future, he quietly passed on to the Great Beyond. A more fitting close to his well spent life, faithful and trusting as he was to the end, is beautifully expressed in the closing verse of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*:

So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

John W. Fitzgerald,  
St. Johns, Michigan.

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**M**RS. WINIFRED E. WHITE of Traverse City, director of compiling records of Grand Traverse County Soldiers and Sailors in the World War, sends us the following sketch of her mother who was a real pioneer in Northern Michigan:

Ada Kate Sprague, youngest child of Mary E. and Joseph Wright Sprague, who drove to Michigan from Gill, Mass. 1836, was born at Dexter, Mich. August 16, 1843; she passed away June 7, 1924.

On June 10, 1861, she arrived at Traverse City, Mich. and made this place her home from that time, although she often traveled and also spent many months with relatives in other cities.

Aug. 13, 1868 Miss Sprague was united in marriage with Edwin S. Pratt, a young attorney, graduated from the U. of M. at the age of 21, and son of pioneers. His father, James Pratt was son of a Quaker doctor, Elkanan Pratt, who removed from Macedon, N. Y. to Salem when James was a small boy. His mother, Clarissa Thompson Pratt was a sister of Seth

Thompson with whom she removed to Washtenaw County from New York in 1826. When the settlement became large enough for a school Miss Thompson was chosen for the teacher, a position which she assumed with great dignity.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pratt were descendants of the earliest New England families and they were ever ready to take their part in promoting the welfare of the community and people at a time when workers were few, as well as all through their lives. Mr. Pratt passed away June 5, 1911.

Mrs. Pratt was the first Matron of the Eastern Star in Traverse City in 1873. She was the latest surviving charter member of the Ladies Library Association organized in 1869; was president of that organization two years. She was also a charter Member of the Woman's Club and Federation of Women's Clubs, and for some time a director of the former.

When the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs met in Traverse City for the first time, each delegate was presented with a complimentary copy of a beautiful booklet by Mrs. Pratt, entitled, "Beauty Spots of the Grand Traverse Region." Mrs. Pratt was historian for the Grand Traverse Region Old Settlers Association for two years. Her last literary work was in the form of reminiscences of early life in Grand Traverse.

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**A** WORD from George R. Fox, President of the Michigan State Archeological Society, urging the conservation of Michigan's archeological treasures:

While, year by year, the world is becoming more and more interested in, and is preserving, her archeological treasures—mounds, pictographs, rock sculptures, and the like, mute evidence of the labors of peoples in distant ages—in this work Michigan has lagged far in the rear.

Not that Michigan is lacking in such material evidences



of the work of races of men in the centuries long gone. While she did, and does, possess many, until 1924 no effort was made to preserve them. Nor as yet has any concerted study of these remains been made. Up to the year 1924, only one mound was permanently preserved—in Bronson Park, Kalamazoo. In 1924 through the kindness of an interested friend in Detroit, the University of Michigan was enabled to purchase a fine series of enclosures in Aetna Township, Missaukee County.

Michigan was once famous for her garden-beds—the first known were found in this State and took the name “Michigan garden-beds.” Not one trace of such aboriginal cultivation now is known in Michigan; none were preserved.

Today, due to the summer resort business of the State, which brings in thousands of tourists anxious to take home with them mementoes or “relics”—and what better than “Indian relics?”—mounds are being opened and destroyed, graveyards of the aboriginee are being despoiled, and valuable materials illustrative of the culture of the prehistoric peoples of this region are being scattered broadcast over America.

Such a situation cannot but be deplored by all thinking people. To attempt a remedy, a little group of devoted archeologists met early in 1924, at Lansing, in the offices of the Michigan Historical Commission and formed the Michigan State Archeological Association.

This organization has been meeting, and will meet, three or four times each year at various points throughout the State. It has two main purposes. First, to make as accurate a survey as now may be possible, of the antiquities still existing in Michigan, and accurately to locate these and the sites of such others which have disappeared as now can be determined. Secondly, to preserve as many such ancient remains as possible. One trace of earthworks is saved. Others still existing should be preserved. Of the mounds which still are to be found throughout the State, many should be kept from

destruction. Some of the primitive mines in the copper region should be retained as they now are. Specimens of other antiquities—pits, village sites, and any garden-beds which may be located in the future—should be kept intact for the present and future generations.

These are the most important immediate matters requiring the attention of the Michigan State Archeological Association and the citizens of Michigan. But all the time the study of material already at hand is going on. And it is hoped that before many years are past, the Association can come to some conclusions as to certain of the problems in the archeology of Michigan.

The work now is to locate and preserve, not only for the present but for the coming generations, the antiquities now rapidly disappearing before the onslaught of the plow and the "relic hunter."

Will you not help in this campaign to save Michigan's archeological treasures? The Society needs you and your support and assistance. The dues are merely nominal, \$1 a year. While the Association cannot run without funds, it needs the moral support and the whole-hearted assistance of all Michigan citizens.

Are you with us?

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**H**ISTORICAL WORKERS will be interested in the following Act passed by the 53rd legislature, session of 1925:

An act making certified copies and photostat copies of records, books and papers of any public library, college library, university library, or of any incorporated library society, when sworn to and made under the supervision of library authorities, evidence in court, in like manner and to the same extent as the original would be if produced.

The People of the State of Michigan enact:

Section 1. Any copy of the records, books or papers belonging to or in the custody of any public, college or university library, or of any incorporated library society, when accompanied by a sworn statement by the librarian or other officer or person in charge thereof, that the same is a true copy of the original record, book or paper in his custody, shall be admissible as evidence in all courts and proceedings in like manner and to the same extent as the original would be if produced.

Section 2. Any photostat copy of the records, books, papers or documents belonging to or in the custody of any public, college or university library, or of any incorporated library society, when accompanied by a sworn statement made by the librarian or other officer or person in charge thereof, stating that the copy is made under his supervision or that of a duly authorized representative, and that nothing has been done to alter or change the original, and that the same is a true photostat copy of the original record, book, paper, or document in his custody, shall be admissible as evidence in all courts and proceedings in like manner as the original would be if produced.

Section 3. For making and certifying such copies, a fee of twenty-five cents, and for making and certifying each photostat copy, a fee of one dollar, may be charged and a further charge may be made of ten cents per folio and fifty cents per photostat sheet for copies actually made.

Section 4. Anyone who shall certify falsely in regard to any of the foregoing copies shall be guilty of a felony and, upon conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction, shall be subject to the same penalties provided by statute for perjury.

## AMONG THE BOOKS

**H**OW TO READ HISTORY. By W. Watkins Davies, M. A. With a Chapter on American History by Prof. Edwin W. Pahlow. George H. Doran Co., N. Y., 1924, pp. 259. Price \$1.25.

The quest of knowledge has about it the glamor of an adventure. Rarely in the history of the world has there been an era which has seen such exciting discoveries of truth and so keen a desire to know, as the era we are passing through. And in no realm of human knowledge have data accumulated with more stunning and astounding rapidity than in history.

No field of study has done more to cultivate the "open mind," to help us "to remold convictions in the light of added knowledge," than history. But the very vastness of the field makes careful guidance needful even for the open mind, since the long view is necessary for a sensing of historical continuity, and the complexities may lead to the mistaking of by-paths for the high road.

Guides are numerous. This one, *How to Read History*, is intended as it professes, "for ordinary people who, knowing little or no history, desire to know more." It is a sort of manual, as it were, of "practical hints" for the uninitiated.

Were advice being given to professional students some of the books here advised would doubtless be omitted, and likewise the omission of a book here would not imply that it is not worth reading.

It will be a useful little volume to the general public. It is one of the volumes in "Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf," edited by Sidney Dark and Eugene F. Saxton.

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**T**HE LESSONS OF HISTORY. By C. S. Leavenworth, M. A., printed under the direction of the Yale University Press, New Haven, 1924, pp. 100. Price \$1.50.

Cratics or Practical History.

The Substance of Historical Movements.

Six Thousand Years of Experience.

Our Age of Defense.

These four chapter headings give some idea of the contents of these hundred pages. The author has attempted to discuss in a somewhat popular way certain aspects of the philosophy of history. It is a good book for the general reader to use along with *How to Read History*.

"The object which mankind wants to achieve in this world," says Mr. Leavenworth, "is a rich and full civilization. A knowledge of the past shows that the causes are similar which bring about the hope and achievement of civilization in different ages or allow the pathos and tragedy of its fall. Discoveries in the realms of knowledge or art produce civilization. Defects in human nature or inadequacy of environment are causes of its decline. If we can learn from history how these discoveries can be made and how these defects can be remedied then history has a direct and practical bearing on our life of today. The study of the repetitions of the past can yield important lessons for the solution of the problems of the present."

He expresses the formula of history in this way: "The *Substance* of a historical problem was to its *Result* in a past age as the same underlying *Substance* (but with many *Variations* and allowing also for the unexpected) will be to a similar solution in the present."

The following application of this formula illustrates Mr. Leavenworth's method: "Take man's desire for culture," he says, "and see how the substance of this desire remains the same in different periods of the world's history. Among all peoples there is an ideal of culture implanted in the mentality of the race, but for this continuous ideal to grow and blossom a favorable environment is necessary. There was a very favorable environment in ancient Greece. It consisted of a mild and yet bracing climate and of the division of the country into small states separated by mountains or by arms of the sea. Thus differing and yet interacting types of mental character developed in their inhabitants. Given this favorable environment and also a bright, intelligent race and also freedom from oppression, and the law of the exchange of ideas began to operate. The mental interaction between intellectual Athens, commercial Corinth and military Sparta became apparent and resulted in the great achievements of Greek thought and art.

"In the middle ages of European history we have some of these variations repeated. There was an intelligent race, favorable climate and divisions into states of small geographical area. One very important factor, however, was lacking. That was the spirit of liberty. The peoples of medieval Europe, oppressed by church and state, were impeded in the exchange of their ideas. If they were a bit too free, off went their heads or they were burned at the stake. Hence there was no very remarkable cultural result, comparatively speaking.

"In the little city states of Italy just at the dawn of modern history we do, however, find all the favorable variations repeated, as an intelligent race, good climate, small states and liberty of intel-

lectual inquiry. We see, therefore, that wonderful result of progress, the Italian Renaissance, arise from these causes.

"In modern Europe the favorable variations were again repeated and this time the unexpected arrived, for a key to the secrets of material nature was discovered in the inductive scientific method. Lo and behold! The marvelous result of modern science stood forth as the crowning achievement of modern history.

"According to the formula of history, given in the first chapter, the substance—that is, the desire for culture—was in proportion to the result—that is, Greek thought and art in the ancient cycle—as the same substance, the desire for culture, with the variations of more diverse European races, greater territory, more varied climatic conditions, great individual liberty, and free exchange of ideas, and also the unexpected discovery of the inductive scientific method, has been to the glorious result of modern science.

"If we peer into the future we may, perhaps, discern still another repetition of the formula, when all the diverse races of the whole globe can exchange ideas freely and bring about some further and fuller revelation of transcendental ideas, even greater than the early intuitions of the ancient cycle and the certainties of physical science in modern times have been."

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**THE FORD INDUSTRIES: FACTS ABOUT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES.** Published by the Ford Motor Company, Detroit, 1924, pp. 147.

Between the covers of this booklet is a story as romantic as any out of fairyland. A glance through it convinces the reader that only a part is here told and that the complete story of the Ford Company would fill many volumes. It is lavishly illustrated, the story being told mainly in pictures, with explanatory text.

Here one sees Ford plants dotting the United States and Canada, and glimpses other plants in fourteen other countries. The scale of the manufacturing activities and merchandising organization is stupendous. New innovations are shown to have followed so rapidly that one imagines this account of activities to be probably already out of date.

The company was organized less than 25 years ago (1903). So enormous has been its growth and so unique its industrial policies here set forth that one is enabled easily to understand how it must leave a permanent imprint on the entire social system, especially in

the United States and Canada. The establishing of Ford plants is shown to have been followed almost invariably by an elevation in the wage earners' standard of living. A specially interesting portion of the story is the chapter on "Industrial Relations."

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**M**ICHIGAN IN THE WORLD WAR: MILITARY AND NAVAL HONORS OF MICHIGAN MEN AND WOMEN. Compiled by Charles H. Landrum, M. A., edited by George N. Fuller, Ph. D. Published at Lansing by the Michigan Historical Commission, by authority of the Michigan War Preparedness Board, 1924, pp. 247. Price \$1.

Michigan men and women received over a thousand military decorations for acts of gallantry performed during the World War, two-thirds of which were official awards of foreign nations made possible by special Act of Congress. The honors mentioned in this volume include The Congressional Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, and the Naval and Foreign Decorations. This volume is one of a series undertaken by the War Preparedness Board to present to the people of the state an account of the part played by Michigan in the war. Others will follow as funds for their publication become available. Next in order is the Gold Star volume. Following this will be a volume of text and several volumes of documents.

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**A**DUTCH SETTLEMENT IN MICHIGAN. By Aleida J. Pieters, Dean of Milwaukee-Downer College. The Reformed Press, Eerdmans-Stevensma Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 1923, pp. 207. Price \$1.75.

This little work, well annotated and indexed, is a pleasing example of good scholarship applied to local history. In the main it was done under the direction of Prof. Dixon Ryan Fox of Columbia University. Considerable use has been made of Dutch source materials. On the whole it is the best study of the Holland Dutch community in western Michigan that has yet appeared. Miss Pieters says of her work:

In summing up the study of the Dutch community that settled in Western Michigan in 1847, the writer intends only to present the simple narrative. In the causes for their immigration, in religious experience and attitude, the Hollanders resembled strongly those who came to this country two hundred years before. The Dutch emigrants



of 1847 reacted toward state coercion in matters of religion in the same way that the Pilgrims and Puritans had done. Though it was a period when the sense of political injustice led many Europeans to set forth for distant homes, such reasons played but little part with those who are the subject of our story; these emigrants came because of religious oppression and economic need. The narrative shows also the now familiar conditions of pioneer life in the middle west. The elements of the story are the same for the seventeenth century Massachusetts, eighteenth century Tennessee, or nineteenth century Michigan or Minnesota. It is a story of toil and hardship borne for the sake of making a new home which should approach the ideals of the pioneers in freedom of conscience, political liberty, and economic advancement. These pioneers realized that they might not live to enjoy all of these benefits. They were willing to endure hardships to secure for their children the advantages of a free country.

The story of this Dutch community will also illustrate in a small way how groups of Europeans have become Americanized and assimilated into our national life. As the Hollanders came in large numbers and kept together in their community, the process was slow; but nevertheless the change came, and together with their children they have become loyal sons and daughters of their adopted country.

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**T**HE LIFE OF WILLIAM DUMMER POWELL, FIRST JUDGE OF DETROIT AND FIFTH CHIEF JUSTICE OF UPPER CANADA. By The Honourable William Renwick Riddell, LL.D. I.R.S.C.; F.R. Hist. Society, and Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario. Lansing, Michigan Historical Commission, 1924, pp. 305. Price \$1.

This recent publication by the Historical Commission contains a full account of the life of an extremely interesting man, who lived in Detroit for several years, the first and only Judge there during the latter but not quite the latest years of British occupancy, 1788-1794. Born in Boston of Loyalist stock but with Revolutionaries as near relatives, he received a liberal education in his home city, in England and on the continent. His legal education was received under the last Royal Attorney General and later at Westminster. He carried on a successful practice in Montreal and when the merchants of Detroit asked for a lawyer judge instead of three laymen for the Court of Common Pleas, Powell was appointed by Lord Dorchester to the position. After acting as sole judge in civil cases for some five years he was appointed the first Puisne Justice of the Court of King's Bench

for Upper Canada erected in 1794. He thereupon removed to Newark (the present Niagara) then the capital of the Province. Thereafter until his death in 1834 his history and the history of the Province are inseparable. He was for long "the power behind the throne."

Mr. Justice Riddell, the last as Powell was the first Puisne Justice of the King's Bench in the Province, has brought into this volume the result of long and careful investigation into many original sources of information including documents in the Dominion and Ontario Archives and reams of Powell's own manuscript. References are given in the very full notes to many of these documents.

Interesting as is the account of the public life of Powell, his private life is still more so. Taking part as a mere lad in the siege of Boston, marrying while still under age the daughter of the President of the Society of Universal Good Will (England) he was compelled to leave his native land for England, and later to leave England for the new colony Canada, to earn bread for his wife and boys, for he and his family lost almost everything by the success of the Revolution. His wife, following him, was captured by an American Privateer and taken to Boston, but obtained her release through the influence of his Republican relatives. His journey of thirty-nine days from Montreal to Detroit, May 11-June 9, 1789, is described in the lively narrative of his charming sister Anne, who was soon afterward to meet a tragic fate. Accused of treason, the accusation backed up by a well executed forgery, and threatened by those whose schemes he balked, he sent his wife and family to England, while he went to the Capital at Quebec and was triumphantly vindicated.

His ancestry was romantic. His grandfather, the first of his family to come to America, a High Tory and Churchman, laid a wager that if he could be introduced to Anne Dummer, a "Proud Presbyterian" of Boston, who had disdained many offers, he would marry her,—and he won his bet. But Powell's own children had an equally romantic story. His youngest son, Jeremiah, trading in Hayti, to save his life from the bloody Dessalines, joined the Liberator, Miranda in his attempt on Venezuela. Taken prisoner he was sentenced to ten years slavery in Omoa. His father made a journey to Philadelphia to solicit help from the Spanish ambassador, then across the sea to England, with the help of royal dukes to Portugal and to Spain where with the help of the Prince of Peace he obtained from the Spanish king the pardon of his son Jeremiah. He came home, but wearied of the monotony, and went to Curacao, then embarked for England, but was never heard of again, nor was ship or any of the crew. Powell's daughter Anne, on an unauthorized voyage to England, was lost in the shipwreck of the *Albion*,

off the Head of Kinsale and lies buried in the churchyard of Garretts-town in Ireland. Another daughter, the fiancée of John MacDonell, Attorney General of Upper Canada, wept over his body when it was brought home from the bloody Queenstown Height.

Highly interesting are the many important transactions in which Powell took part and the important governmental measures for which he was at least in part responsible as narrated in this volume. No effort has been spared by the author to insure accuracy. But if there has been any failure in that regard, ample means have been provided for first-hand detection and correction by the references given to the original authorities.

